

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 271.]

NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1874.

[VOL. XI.

## TALLEYRAND'S PENKNIFE.

A RETROSPECT AND A REVERIE.



HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON.

IN the older portion of Boston, the solid tracts of masonry intervening between street and street are pierced here and there by sudden openings—the mouths of narrow

lanes or paved footways, which let the wanderer sometimes into the small seclusion of a dark court, on which the back-doors of commercial edifices open, and sometimes carry

him a few rods into a thoroughfare almost as easily reached by the ordinary route. Among these lanes is one like an arm, bent at the elbow, which stretches, in an unobtrusive

manner, from Faneuil-Hall Market into Merchants' Row. It bears the name of Corn Court, derived, I believe, from the old distinction of the Corn Market, applied to the space in which Faneuil Hall now stands. In the secluded angle formed by this confidential lane, thus hooking the market and the Merchants' Row together by its elbowed length, stands an aged house of cheer, which shelters now, perhaps, more shades and memories of the past than guests and lodgers of to-day. Time and tide have overlooked it; and, despite its joyless and decrepit state, it still clings persistently to the hope of continuance, hiding itself obscurely from the modern fury of renovation, in this little dust-bin of Bostonian commerce. The epidemic of destruction has not yet reached it; and, like all old-fashioned bodies, it prefers the slow decay with which it is familiar to a new malady that might rack its frame too sharply.

On a certain winter's day the writer entered this dingy lane, attracted by the sorry aspect of its ancient hostelry. The end of the building which first met his eyes, as he came from Faneuil Hall, was of brick, pierced by frequent windows, and entered by a door in the corner, over which a large-framed lamp projected. The sides were wooden, and also many-windowed, and the shingled roof was high-pitched. There were three signs on the front, and one at the side; and the posts of the main door, and the shutters of the lower windows on the side, were scrawled with inscriptions of a significant and inviting character. But all the windows, save a few on the ground-floor, were wholly shutterless, with but one exception. The window-frames in the wooden side were every one of a different size, as if the builder who had this portion in charge had been hopelessly trying to work out his ideal of a frame, and had finally left the matter to the operations of a slow, natural selection. It is not surprising that any set of well-regulated and orderly shutters should refuse to accommodate themselves to this state of things; but, on the off-side of the house, where the surreptitious endeavor would seldom be exposed to criticism, a single pair of green-slatted shutters clung to its place with a grim and terrible rigidity. It was an unnatural attempt, however, and the shutters, instead of succeeding in their proper office, merely clutched at the jambs (no hinges being visible) for their own preservation. Instead of protecting the ancient edifice at all, their relation to it had become miserably parasitical. With this example before him, the proprietor might well hesitate to place his house at the mercy of a full complement of blinds; for, if too heavy a wind should come, they would be likely, in their efforts at self-rescue, either to rend the ancient tavern asunder, or to fly away with it bodily. But he has committed an almost equal imprudence in constructing a clothes-yard on the roof, where, for want of terrestrial accommodation, a fluttering and swaying cloud of new-washed linen may be seen at intervals.

Close by the corner of the third-floor front hangs a vanishing and weather-beaten portrait on a large tablet of wood—the effigy of an antique dignitary, in a dark coat and ruffled shirt, with powdered hair, and bearing

in his hand the conventional roll of parchment indicating authority. A faded inscription at the bottom of the rotting board identifies the form and face as those of GOVERNOR HANCOCK. And the name of the inn is the Hancock House. It did not always bear this name. The first house of entertainment in Boston is said to have stood upon this spot; and, however little of the original building be left in this, it is hardly safe to sever their identity. In those early days it was kept by one Samuel Cole, who, for aught that I know, may have been a lineal descendant or cousin-german of old King Cole himself. He lived and labored here as long ago as 1634; and, by all accounts, he seems to have maintained the reputation of his royal namesake for good living, which so distinguishes the latter in traditional song. What he called the place I cannot tell, though he might very properly have entitled it the Bowl and Fiddle. Toward the close of the last century it became the Brasier Inn; and it was then that Talleyrand came as a guest within its walls.

Talleyrand was an exile. He came to the Brasier Inn, bringing a slender baggage and a melancholy history with him. The eldest son of a noble pair at the court of Louis XV., his parents had given him in charge, while an infant, to a nurse in one of the Parisian faubourgs. The stranger into whose lap the little creature was thus tossed by his natural guardians was not over-careful to keep him there. On one occasion, having been left alone by her, he narrowly escaped furnishing a meal to some ravenous rats who perceived him. A fall which he sustained, when about a year old, brought on a lameness, which, proving incurable at the age of twelve, induced his family to transfer his birthright to a younger brother. He himself was destined to priestcraft, if, with his feeble health, he should survive to manhood. This generosity of the parents, who must have had a natural aversion to a son who could not keep the legs he had been started with, was rewarded. Charles Maurics grew stronger, and developed talents. The long-suffering father and mother, as soon as he began to make a reputation, claimed him for their own. At the age of twenty he was presented to a dignified courtier and his wife, hitherto unknown to him, who proved to be his parents. But, though he appeared with them at the coronation of Louis XVI., the Abbé de Périgord (as he was then called) had a culture of his own quite apart from theirs. He read Voltaire; was a pronounced rake; and became an inmate of the Bastille for some months. But, having become Bishop of Autun, he took his place in the States-General, and later in the Constituent Assembly, where he urged political equality among men, and the right of free discussion. His experience had perhaps fitted him peculiarly for the appreciation of these things. But political liberty was to him only an object of intellectual admiration, not a matter of principle or enthusiasm. The wily young bishop soon became encompassed by an atmosphere of distrust, and envy, and downright hate. He was useful, but it seemed best to get him out of sight. He was sent as a private emissary to the court of St. James, in 1792. But Queen Charlotte took advan-

tage of his unaccredited condition to turn her back on him at his presentation, and the unlucky diplomat was obliged to put his best (or worst) foot forward for Paris. In the following year, his affairs became desperate. He had been obliged to resign his bishopric; and, on Danton's accession, barely obtained permission to leave the country for England. There he had just time to sell his library, when he was ordered to leave the country within twenty-four hours. Thus, after acting the shuttlecock across the British Channel, he took a longer flight, and landed, at thirty-nine, in America, with the broken beginning of a bad career behind him.

He did not immediately despair; money-making, dabbling in American politics, intrigue, eating, and brilliant conversation, were objects enough in life for a man like this. Indeed, he was always nearly as famous for his dinners as for his diplomacy. But the worst of it was that he could not be in France! He afterward declared that an Englishman could make himself at home immediately in America, but that a Frenchman "must forever remain a stranger" here. He merely hovered on our coast, ready to fly back to France at any moment. Both in Boston and in New York he had quarters close to the water's edge; for the tide in those days flowed up within a short distance of the Brasier Inn.

One afternoon he paced the sanded floor of the Brasier discontentedly. He was thinking of France: he had no appetite for his dinner! Yes; he would write some letters; he must put matters in train for a return to his native land. But first he must get a penknife to sharpen his quills with. Let us imagine him strolling out through the streets of the little provincial city, and finally selecting, with characteristic nicety, a pretty little plaything of a penknife which would serve, after he had sharpened his quills with it, as a *souvenir* of the States—or possibly as a present to some fair lady. That last thought kindles all his wit and his diplomacy. Arrived at the inn, he retires to his spacious but bare chamber over the sandy-floored coffee-room. It is dusk: he lights a candle standing on his table in a straight silver holder of some beauty—the sole relic and reminder of the luxury he had enjoyed at home. Then he sits down and indites several brilliant and skillfully-worded letters, not too long nor yet too short—in fact, the perfection of letters addressed by an exile to friends who may restore him to his own by-and-by. Among these friends are Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis, literary ladies who appreciate his flattery and his good points, and who overlook his mendaciousness and his bad points. He is wise enough to conceal his anxiety to be once more in France. Of course, to bask in the light of certain fair eyes that once looked kindly on him when he was not, as now, a miserable *émigré*, he would risk not a little. But, after all, if he has friends at home, it would be kindness to them to respect his own safety. It is the intercourse of spirit with spirit which, to him, constitutes the happiness of his friendship with these ladies; and this intercourse can still be maintained, though half the sur-

face of the globe should interpose itself between him and them. He, at least, will not forget that it may be so maintained. And, meantime, he busies himself about the formation of a new career in this cold and prudish country, where he is still as wretched as La Fontaine's grasshopper in winter. However, "I think no more of my enemies," he says, in the letter to Madame de Genlis; "I occupy myself in repairing my fortune."

But, even as he writes, there is a cold and polished smile on the hard, high features of his face; on the thin lips, too sharply drawn, and the cheeks too faintly colored. The candle burns in the silver holder; the pretty penknife lies beside him; the busy quill pen squeaks discreetly over the smooth sheet: still the polished smile. He will not betray his secret thought upon his face, even though nothing more substantial than those large shadows, caused by the solitary candle, lurk behind him. Shadows of what? Do they typify his gloomy and disordered past, moving and mouthing behind him their dark shapes, while he faces the future with a chilly courtier's smile, a pretty penknife, and a skillful pen? Only once does he give way to his delight. Toward the close of his last letter a sound escapes him. He reads aloud to himself something which he has just written, and reads with satisfaction. The sound of his voice is deep, resonant, and moving, even now, speaking to himself as he does. Lame, sarcastic to the bitter extremity, a rake and a cabalist, still that voice almost redeems him. What if he should exert it to the utmost? throw pathos and persuasion into it? Who knows how much he might effect by this invisible, melodious instrument?

Well, the writing is over; he is satisfied, and speaks no more; gets up, yawns, and makes ready for bed. The little penknife has served him a good turn; it put a fine point upon his pen.

From the Brasier Inn, the exile Talleyrand betook himself to New York. There he found a party of his own countrymen, with whom he fraternized on terms of hand-and-glove. One of them, Saint-Théry by name, kept a shop; and here in the evenings—especially of a Sunday evening—the ex-bishop and future minister would jest and romp with them, almost to excess, so that he had to be warned not to offend too deeply against the Sunday customs of the country. They were all good friends, however. They even went so far as to think of going in a body to Louisiana, and seizing the reins of government there. But they contented themselves with making an oath, every night, over joined hands, that—come what might—they would always remain together, always sharing every thing in common.

Still Talleyrand had his moments of despondency even then. His lodging was on the Bowling Green, close to the fashionable promenade of the Battery. One evening, walking alone there with a friend, and gazing into the water, he would have thrown himself into the sea if his friend had not suddenly become conscious of the intent, and abruptly held him back. A few days afterward he received the news which took him

back to France. Chénier, acting under the influence of Madame de Staël, had moved that Talleyrand's name be struck from the list of *émigrés*. Thanks, again, to the little American penknife! The mercurial association of Saint-Théry's shop was broken up without delay—to share his own good fortune with his friends probably did not come within Talleyrand's reading of the informal treaty they had made together. On June 13, 1796, he embarked for Hamburg on a Dutch vessel, and reached his destination safely. The smile of Fortune was now clearly turned upon him; for, on his arrival at Hamburg, whom should he meet there but his good friend Madame de Genlis, the authoress of "Moral Tales for Young People," who at once put the value of her teachings to the test by introducing our confirmed profligate Talleyrand to a beautiful pupil, the Baroness Cordelia, as we shall call her.

Charles Maurice was pleased with Cordelia. He made her the object of immediate attentions. He charged his resonant voice with the murmuring of soft nothings in her ears, and varied these with stories of misfortune, exile, and captivity. The poor baroness forgot good Madame de Genlis's moral tales, or else made sad misapplication of the principles to be derived from them. Talleyrand's intimacy with her rapidly progressed.

One day she asked him about the little penknife, which he had in some way chanced to show her.

"That?" says Talleyrand. "Oh, that is a *souvenir* of my exile, a dear little reminder"—and here he smiled—"of that country of my enforced adoption from which I have just come, to place myself at your feet, madame."

"Ah, how strange!" exclaims Cordelia, with that sudden perception of the mysterious significance sometimes abiding in the most trifling objects, and which can open an instantaneous vista of faint, fantastic day-dreams to us.

"Yes," responds the ex-bishop, becoming, in his own turn, shallowly meditative. "This little penknife, madame, may be said to have out the Gordian knot of my destinies, at a time when it seemed insolvable."

He was thinking of that night at the Brasier Inn.

"Tell me," said the baroness, wondering still more at this enigmatic speech; "how was that?"

Talleyrand nursed the pretty penknife in his hand, as he told her how it had sharpened his pens when he wrote the letters that led to his recall. The lady stretched out her beautiful arm.

"Let me hold it," she said. "Ought I not to caress the instrument which has done you such a service?"

"You speak truth, madame," said the adroit statesman, turning her words, so complimentary to him, into flattery of herself. "Having brought me into relations with yourself, it is worthy to be caressed by even so fair a hand as yours."

Cordelia smiled. A blush crept up her cheeks. She was too little used to such happy phrases from her German husband, the baron, not to fall an easy prey to them, when

couched in the well-modulated tones of Talleyrand.

"And," continued the bold schemer, "if you will allow me, I shall beg you to keep this knife as your own. That which has once decided my fate cannot be more fittingly disposed of than by being placed in the care of her who is now the arbitress of my happiness."

The baroness accepted his gift. But she did not long remain the arbitress of his happiness. Talleyrand soon discovered a new object for his devotions in the person of a lady intimately acquainted with Cordelia, and of whom he at once resolved to make an additional conquest. Cordelia's friend professed to receive his advances, in order that she might obtain proof of his perfidy, which should open the poor baroness's eyes to his miserable duplicity. Talleyrand was charmed with his apparent success, and set about picking a quarrel with Cordelia, that he might be rid of her. He discovered that, before her marriage, she had had an unsuccessful lover, a young officer in the guards, who had contrived to remain always in her vicinity since. He assumed a terrible jealous wrath, and attempted to reject Cordelia on this ground. The poor, infatuated lady, still blind to his true despicableness, humbled herself to the last degree, and promised that the despairing lover in the guards should be made to join his regiment at a distant post. But the unfortunate officer fell ill, and so remained on the scene.

"An ingenious trick!" quoth Talleyrand, and nourished his righteous anger.

But, meanwhile, Cordelia's friend had been in correspondence with the diplomatist, and had obtained from him written proof of his faithlessness with the baroness. This proof she carried at once to her friend, who was convinced. The ex-bishop and machinator of legislatures had been outwitted. He had parted with his little penknife, and his blunted pen had betrayed him. There was now but one course for him, namely, to withdraw from Hamburg, with an imprecation upon the taste of the lady who had thus rejected and outduded him. He abandoned this side-play, and entered on the public arena at Paris, just in time to find himself elected a member of the class of Moral and Political Sciences in the National Institute! Surely, this outdid Madame de Genlis herself.

So, Talleyrand met his future with a cold and polished smile; and still he left the dark, menacing shadows behind him. Terrible shadows they were: mournful, engulfing shadows, that seemed as if they would have sucked him back and swallowed him up in their ruinous oblivion. The betrayed Cordelia would not endure to live alone amid their ghastly gloom—alone with her disgrace. The little knife, which had done the statesman such good service, had still another task to complete on his behalf. With one quick stroke, the baroness drove its blade into her heart, and died. Upon her table there was found a note to Monsieur de Talleyrand "You are the author of my death," it said. "May God forgive you, as I do!"

And what did Talleyrand do? Did he



succumb to the justice of a grand remorse, and seek death by the same servicable little instrument with which he had so conveniently supplied Cordelia? Or did he wear the naked blade close to his breast forever after, so that at every step its tiny prick might call to mind how he had murdered her? No; nothing of this did he do, or think of doing. He was far too conscious of his usefulness in affairs to curtail his efficacy by any such procedure. There was the constitutional monarchy still to be established in France. Upon that cold political ideal he had fixed his cold affections; to attain it he had kindled his ambition with the very fires of Satan. For that he lived and labored, lied, and was loathed; and in the end he established it. It took him nearly forty years, after Cordelia's death, to accomplish this, but he was patient. "I have known how to wait," was one of his terse explanations of his success. He served the Directory and served Napoleon; any thing to compass his aim. When Napoleon differed from him and became refractory, he retained office, and overthrew the obstinate master by secretly assisting his enemies. At last, by sheer longevity and persistence, he triumphed. But, even though he suffered no severe pangs of conscience for his past, he found the dregs at last in his cup. Tired of amorous rascalities, he married a Madame Grand, a widow, who was little short of imbecile. "A witty woman," he said, in excuse, to his friends, "often compromises her husband, but a stupid woman compromises only herself." Nevertheless, she more than once put him to the blush by her idiotic behavior.

At the age of eighty, his table was still famous, and he dined sumptuously; but, in order to do this, he was obliged to abstain from all other eating, and to drink several cups of camomile-tea every morning—that was the final bitter distillation which his long and evil life had yielded.

The pale flame of Talleyrand's life has been extinguished these many years, and his frame is ashes. But the Brasier Inn is still standing; and if any one chooses to dream over again this gloomy little story in his own manner—trusting to his imagination, as the present writer has trusted, where records fail to give particulars—he will find that there is still warmth enough in the heart of the ancient house to brown a roast duck pleasantly for his lunch, and to prepare such accessory articles as may seem to consort best with that comfortable bird.

G. P. LATHROP.

## MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

### CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN BRAND AGAIN.

"I THOUGHT it was you. I am so glad!"

He had overtaken me in a minute, and here he is actually with both my hands in his, as if he were my lover.

He looks like a lover too; his eyes are quite bright, and he fixes them on me so intently that I have to turn away, I am so vexed, for my cheeks burn—of course he thinks I am blushing with delight at seeing him, and it is only because of the fear and the haste I have made.

I force myself to appear quite cool.

"How well you look!" his eyes are more admiring than Frank Newton's, and there is such a sparkle of delight in them. I ought not to be cross; the poor man cannot help admiring me, I suppose.

"I need not ask if Merton suits you, or if you are happy, Gertrude."

My face clouds over. I wish Captain Brand would call me Miss Stewart, and yet I shrink from telling him so, because I want to prevent any of that kind of talk which we had in the cabin of the *Eclair*—I turn away and begin to climb along the stony lane.

"Yes, thank you, I like Madame La Peyre extremely."

"I ought to have written to you, but I have been very busy, and I have been traveling constantly. You will forgive me?"

He speaks quite penitently; does he really think I should take the trouble to read his letters? But I have grown to feel so sure of my future freedom that I am able to be more friendly to Captain Brand, and I remember only the kindness he has shown me.

I look up at him; I feel rather mischievous.

"I am not good at writing or at reading letters either. I think it is waste of time."

Really, I did not think Captain Brand could throw so much expression into his eyes—he is admiring me again. I suppose it would be more dignified to look as if I did not like his admiration, but then it does not hurt me, and he seems to like it.

"But you cannot have much to do with your time down here"—he walks as close beside me as the stones will let him—"and do you know, Gertrude, I have been quite looking forward to some letters from you while I am in the north. I think"—he hesitates, and I look up at him, but there is something in his face I do not like—surely he has forgotten all I said to him on board the *Eclair*. I get as far away from him as I can—"I think," he goes on quietly, "it may be better for us both to write letters to each other."

"I cannot promise to write." There is the old dislike in my voice, for I am thinking of Eugène, and how cruelly Captain Brand came between us that morning.

"My child"—his voice vibrates, and I feel angry and inclined to laugh all at once—"trust me, that is all I ask of you now, but you cannot have faith in me till you know more of me; and, unless I write to you, what chance have I—I—of speaking out?"

It is such a relief to hear the click of the gate at the end of the lane, and we are quite near it, although we cannot see it, because of a bend in the path. I hear a stick striking sharply against the stones, and the next minute there is Frank Newton whistling "*Home, Sweet Home*," which I sung to him on his last visit. I hurry on, and come in sight of him while Captain Brand is still hidden.

"Ah, Miss Stewart, is it you? and have you really been up the Clevee alone? Why did you not give me the happiness"—here Captain Brand came in view. I watch Frank Newton's face, it is such fun; first his mouth opens, and his jaw droops as if it were going to fall off altogether, and then he turns fiery red. I cannot help it, I begin to laugh.

"Well, I don't know," I said, "I might have fallen as I did last time, and I do not think you could have carried me home by yourself."

"Did you fall on those rocks?" cried Captain Brand, in a horrified voice.

All my new liking for him vanishes; he speaks as if I belonged to him, as if he had some sort of control over me.

I answer without looking at him:

"Yes, I fell—running down to the gate."

I suppose my indifferent manner provokes him—he speaks so sternly.

"How can you be so careless? you might have killed yourself."

I do not think I ever felt so angry. Captain Brand had been admiring and submissive five minutes ago, and now he is treating me like a naughty child before Frank Newton.

"Well"—I try to look as if I were very much amused, and I glance at Frank to show him that I think he ought to be amused too—"I did not kill myself, and I did not hurt anybody else;" then I feel that I really can torment Captain Brand and Frank at the same time: "I tired the friend who carried me home I am afraid; how kind he was!"

"No kindness at all," says Frank, sulkily; "why, any one would be too glad to be of use to you; of course it is a happiness;" here he pulls at those dear little curly whiskers till I feel sure he hurts himself.

"You should not tell me so, for see what might happen;" I try to look as sweet as possible; it would be a comfort if I could see whether Captain Brand looks cross, but he keeps walking just behind Frank and me—between us—we are on opposite sides of the lane, and I know he can see both our faces. "I am so kind-hearted that I may grow to consider it my duty to fall down the rocks periodically, just to give happiness to my fellow-creatures."

Actually, Frank does not see I am teasing—he strides eagerly over a huge stone in the path and walks close beside me.

"I don't like that word," he says, in a low voice; "I don't like to think you only consider me a fellow-creature."

I am sorry to say I laugh a little. Men ought to be very careful to keep exactly to their own characters when they talk to me; any thing that seems to me like acting is sure to make me laugh.

Mr. Donald often looks sentimental, but then his great blue eyes are fit for sentiment, there is plenty of room in them; but Frank Newton's eyes are small and dry-looking, there is so little of them that I see nothing but the whites; the thought that comes to me is, that he is making himself look more like a fish than a fellow-creature; here it comes into my head that it will do Captain Brand good to see how many admirers I have.

"Well, a friend, then," and then I look



up at Frank; his eyes have come down, he looks delighted.

"I don't know how to thank you."

I wish he would not speak so distinctly. I want Captain Brand to see that we are talking nonsense, but there is no need that he should hear all we say.

"Please, will you open the gate?" I look forward and Frank darts off, and stands holding it open wide enough for a drove of bulls to pass.

"Who is that, Gertrude?"

Captain Brand speaks in the harshest way to a woman. I shall just teach him at once that he is not to speak so to me.

I look up at him; he is frowning, but I do not feel at all frightened now by his angry looks.

"Mr. Newton is a great friend of mine; he owns all this property."

I hold my head very stiffly, and then I move on to join Frank at the gate.

I feel sorry already. I had resolved that, when next Captain Brand came to Merton, I would try to conciliate him, and get him to promise not to say any thing to Madame La Peyre about the marriage. I always think of it as the marriage—it never was mine. And now I have made him angry, and also given up the only chance of saying a private word to him before he sees Madame La Peyre.

"Who is that?" Frank asks, when I reach the gate; "is he a friend of yours?"

I blush; I see by his manner he thinks that Captain Brand is hardly the sort of person to be called my friend.

"He is my guardian," and I look up at Frank Newton and give a sigh of weariness.

"Come along," Frank let the gate swing to, and on we went, without troubling ourselves about Captain Brand.

"Guardians and governesses are people to be left behind," says Frank, laughing in a complacent way, as if he had said something really clever; "now, Donald is a capital fellow, considering he's a tutor—so easy-going."

"Mr. Donald is not at all like a tutor, he is charming—perhaps all tutors are charming; he is the first I have known."

"Charming, well I don't know about that, that's going too far." The poor youth is terribly thick-skinned; he does not see I am vexed; he is only jealous at hearing any one else praised; he wants a good deal to make him that. "You see these fellows that have to earn their bread are obliged to stick so close to work and cram so awfully that they have no time for the pursuits of gentlemen."

"You mean that study and reading are not gentlemanlike pursuits."

I feel I am holding my head very stiffly as I say this.

Frank looks eagerly at once. I wonder he does not turn parson, he has such a knack of preaching.

"Well, I think both in men and women they are fitter pursuits for the middle class than for us. Of course, education don't matter for servants and laborers, but I quite agree with it for middle-class people who have to make their way in the world; but what's the use of classical knowledge to an army man, or to any one who has to live on his property?"

I had never learned Latin, but I had picked up bits and scraps from my governess, and it was fun to frighten Frank.

"Dear me, I should have thought a knowledge of Virgil very essential in a country-life."

He looked crestfallen at once.

"Well, then, I have not got it. So, I suppose you consider Donald ought to be master of Merton instead of me. Well, I wish—yes, I just wish you would talk to the Traceys, and hear what they say."

I hear Captain Brand close behind us.

"If the Traceys do not like Mr. Donald, I shall not like them."

I do want so to affront Frank and make him go off in a huff, so that I may be able to get a few words with Captain Brand, to caution him not to tell Madame La Peyre. But I may as well expect that big moss-grown rock, twenty feet high at least, which sits there on the side of the wooded hill, to come toppling down on our heads.

The foolish fellow thinks he is doing me a service by interfering with my guardian. He must say "Good-by" when we reach home, that is my comfort.

Vain hope! When we come in sight of the cottage, Madame La Peyre is standing at the garden-gate, looking strangely perplexed and anxious.

She claps her hands when she sees us.

"Ma foi, Gertrude, but I have been tormented in a manner." Here she holds up both her pretty delicate hands, and then, as I run up to her, she kisses me on the forehead, after she has first courtesied to Captain Brand. I suppose Mr. Newton thought he was not wanted, for, when I looked back, he was gone.

"My child," says madame, earnestly, "I thought thou hadst fallen down the rocks again, and I was looking for some one to send in search of thee."

## CHAPTER XX.

### DISCLOSURE OF THE MARRIAGE.

I got up next morning in a very discontented state. The lovely sunset had left behind it lowering clouds—they sat on Dartmoor, brooding in such immovable gray heaviness, that I felt restless, and I think cross.

I had tried the whole evening to get a word alone with Captain Brand, but Madame La Peyre had not given me a chance; she even hurried me off to bed early, saying I must be tired after my long walk.

I stood peering out. Just as I turned from those sulky-looking clouds on Dartmoor, I perceived, but got no comfort from the prospect, in the waste bit (neither garden nor yard, but a sort of fusion of both) which is beneath my window, Madame La Peyre in earnest talk with Captain Brand.

I drew back from the window instantly, and again I felt a strong inclination to run away. I forgot to say that Captain Brand left a packet for me when he was here last, and when I opened it there were twenty-five sovereigns, and a memorandum saying that this was all the property left by my mother.

I kept five pounds for myself, and gave the rest to Madame La Peyre to take care of; and now how I wished I had kept all!

I felt sure that madame would side with Captain Brand, and look on him as my husband; for I saw last night how much she liked him.

I walked up and down my room restlessly. At last I rang the bell.

"Angélique, my head aches, and I don't want to go down to breakfast. Will you bring me a cup of coffee and some bread?"

Angélique stood and contemplated me for an instant, and then, to my relief, she said:

"Bien, mademoiselle," and went away.

How wise she is! Is it because she is a Frenchwoman? An ordinary English nurse in her position would not have studied my face as Angélique did just now. She would have said:

"O Miss Gertrude, how can you take such fancies? Go down to breakfast, do, like a dear young lady, it will do you good." And I should infallibly have told her to mind her own business.

I felt that I could not face Captain Brand and Madame La Peyre together just after this revelation. Something in the earnest way in which he bent his head down, and in her intent listening, told me what they were talking of.

Angélique soon brought the coffee, daintily arranged on a little tray. As I walked up and down I grew quieter—the coffee seemed to clear my brains. It was natural that Captain Brand should tell Madame La Peyre, and I no longer felt so sure that she would side entirely against me. She knew that which Captain Brand did not know—my love for Eugène. I fancied that it was to distract me from this that she had encouraged Mr. Newton's visits, for she was always cordial to him. She was as kind to Mr. Donald, but she treated him as if he were so very much older.

It came to me, with a pang of remorse, that I had not been to the post-office yesterday to see if there were a letter from Eugène. I had already inquired twice, and the sly look in old Samuel's eyes had vexed me and brought the color to my cheeks.

I looked out of the window. The waste bit was deserted; a Cochon-China hen, followed by four pullets, stalked awkwardly across it, looking like raw recruits trying to fancy themselves soldiers; and a barking told me that Bijou, madame's poodle, saw them, too, from the post which he always took up at breakfast-time in the sitting-room window. Yes, they were safe at breakfast, and I should go off for my letter, and if I found it I should start at once on a long walk, and get rid of Captain Brand and any explanation till dinner-time.

He had told me yesterday evening he could only stay a few days, and that then he was going away, perhaps for more than a year; thus it seems to me that the best way is to be quite civil and friendly, and then, when I get my father's letter, to write and tell Captain Brand that I cannot regard myself his wife, that I can never love him, and that I am engaged to Eugène—for I consider myself as much bound as if I had promised

to be Eugène's wife, and I feel surer and surer that my father will take my part. And yet, while I put on my hat, there steals over me a dim and mysterious dread—a something I cannot grasp or define into any shape—as impalpable as the melancholy mist which forever hovers on that grand, sad Dartmoor. I try and shape it into distinctness: the only approach to form is a shrinking from Eugène's letter, and yet an ever-increasing desire for it.

I look at myself in the little old-fashioned mirror with level sides, which hangs in such a light that there is not a chance of seeing how one really appears in it. I make out that I am horribly pale, except my lips, which are intensely red, and my eyes, which are very dark and mournful. I start back; something, I cannot tell what, in my own face, reminds me so much of Mrs. Dayrell. I laugh, and in an instant the weird, strained look is gone.

"What nonsense! it is this quiet place, where there is nothing to think about but one's self, that has made me so fanciful."

I ran down-stairs very fast, and then off to the post-office. When one is puzzled with thoughts one does not choose to unravel, I mean reproving thoughts, I find a good run an excellent way of getting rid of them; and lately my conscience has been very reproachful, but I shall grow morbid if I listen to it.

I was out of breath when I reached the office; an old woman was standing below the window. I did not much care to be seen outside asking for letters, so I went round and tapped at the open door of Samuel's office.

"Come in," he said, but he never turned his head; he went on talking to Mrs. Treleven. I knew her very well. She kept the "all" shop of the village, just beneath one of the tall elm-trees opposite the church. I peeped from behind the shutter of the window-curtain, and saw her hard face and obstinate gray eyes turned fixedly on Samuel. She put her hand behind her right ear.

"I don't hear all as yeu's bin saying, but it seems a morsel hard, Muster Morgan, as ye should find fault with papists—you as goes and listens to a man in a white rag every Sabbath!" here she gave a deep sigh.

I could see Samuel's profile; he bent his head suddenly, and crossed his hands meekly in front of him.

"My good woman, you should not judge; leave that to men. I gave chapel a fair turn, and now I give the church the same. Every thing must have its turn as is lawful, but papists ain't; them are blasphemous heathens."

I saw Mrs. Treleven nod approval—her voice was slightly sharpened when she spoke.

"You're right for once, heathen's the word to fit that tall, solemn-dressed Madam Angelick, as they calls she; and she for to ask how much would satisfy me for my blue junket-bowls!"

"I don't see harm in that; thay's not much account to ye." Samuel spoke mischievously.

"For why?" Mrs. Treleven threw back her head with emphasis.

"Ye always keeps 'em locked up 'out of sight; now, if Madame Angelick had 'em,

she'd maybe stick 'em up, and make a show of 'em."

"I locks 'em up and to keep 'em from dust, and her would turn 'em into dust-traps; is that yer meaning?"

"If you choose to have it so. But I was thinkin', too, that here was a chance of turning a few shillings as don't come every day, and no soul the wiser."

I peeped again. Mrs. Treleven's face had grown to look rigid, as if carved in wood.

"No soul the wiser! What o' that, Samuel Morgan? Them junket-bowls comed down to me from my great-grandmother, and how long her had 'em is more than can be told. My grandchildren may sell 'em when I'm dead and gone, and have no power to stop such courses: but, as they come to me, so I leaves 'em. Some day, maybe, I'll have a fine parlor, too, and put 'em out to be looked at, as well as another. What for not, Samuel Morgan?"

Samuel folded his hands softly; her voice was full of wrath.

"I never said contrary, Mrs. Treleven. There's one sure thing," he turned suddenly to me; "there ain't a morsel o' use in trying to give counsel to a woman, unless you do it vice varsy. Now, if I had ha' said, 'Don'tee sell the plates,' it's morally possible she might ha' gone and sold they—morally."

"Is there a letter for Miss Stewart?"

I had been feeling so glad that Samuel was sitting facing the window; but he wheeled his stool round in an instant, and looked at me.

"There have been a letter, ma'am—a foreign letter—with a name of that sort, these three days; and I was thinkin' it oodn't be claimed, so—"

"Give it me directly," I said; my face felt in a glow, but I could not help speaking impatiently. I wanted to make the prosy old man give me my treasure.

He half shut his eyes and smiled, and then he got up slowly, and went to a drawer below his desk, and slowly produced it.

At last I held it, the thin, slippery, precious letter; but I did not look glad when I got it. I had had time to stiffen my face before Samuel turned round.

"Good-morning."

I went away before he could speak. Men, as a rule, I find, take much longer in getting their words ready than women do.

What a happiness that I had put the letter in my pocket! While I stood by the dried-up pump, hesitating which road to take, I saw Angélique mounting the slope from the brook. I pretended not to see her, and turned toward the road which led to the Cleeve.

"Mademoiselle!"

I did not think Angélique could call so loud.

"Wait, if you please, one little moment."

Just then I longed to be a man, that I might say, "Confound your little moments!"

Instead, I said, when she stood beside me, breathless with her hasty climb, "It must be a very little one; I am off for a walk."

I spoke almost rudely; I was glowing with impatience to read my letter.

There is something in Angélique which soothes impatience. She does not look the

least bit goody or reproving—that would have set all the remains of my patience fairly alight; but she smiles in her sweet, serene way, and says:

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is not I who want you, it is madame. She sends you her love, and will you come to her as quickly as you can?"

I think for a moment.

"Have you been looking for me long, Angélique?"

"For a quarter of an hour, perhaps, and madame has been in her room waiting, for I did not know that mademoiselle had gone out."

I felt a little conscious, for I had gone out very quietly to avoid notice. I sighed—of course I could not keep madame waiting any longer.

"Allons—in her room, is she? She will not keep me long, I dare say?"

I stole a swift glance at Angélique; she looked so unusually sad, that I suspected she too had been told my story.

I felt dogged and determined as I went slowly up to madame's bedchamber.

There was a projecting window, and in the recess it made were set a small square writing-table and two basket-work easy-chairs—at least they were meant to be easy; they always seemed to me too slippery to sit on. Madame La Peyre was seated in one of these chairs, and as soon as I had kissed her she pointed to the other. I had meant to stand, so as to shorten the interview; but something in Madame La Peyre's face controlled me into submission. I did not feel subdued; I was more intensely rebellious against this hateful marriage than I had ever been—more resolute that I would die sooner than be really Captain Brand's wife. But there was a seriousness in madame's face that was new to me, and that oppressed me with a dread of coming evil. The foreboding of the morning came back and sat heavily on my heart, brooding there with nerveless wings, like a bat in daylight.

"Gertrude, my dear child"—this was a very formal beginning for madame—"Captain Brand has told me the relation in which he stands to you."

It was a pity she stopped; before I had time to pull my impetuosity up short, it tugged at the rein and got free.

"What is that?" I said, flippantly, with a hot face and eyes that I felt were flashing.

Madame La Peyre looked at me hastily, and then her dear old cheeks puckered into a decided attempt to cry; but she spoke again after a little waiting.

"You know what I mean, my child—that at your mother's wish you were married to Captain Brand." She held up her hand to check me this time. "I wish you had told me all at once, Gertrude, I should have acted differently; but I suppose"—she smiled in her usual sunny way—"you were shy about it. Well, you have an excellent husband—the most indulgent and considerate man possible; he makes me smile with his consideration. I tell him he does not understand young girls."

"How does he show this consideration, madame?" I could not even try to be rea-

sonable; it seemed to me absolutely wicked that my own friend, to whom I had shown so much affection, should take Captain Brand's side against me.

She looked at me in a very surprised way.

"Why, my dear child, he leaves you free and uncontrolled; there are men who would think a few months' waiting quite sufficient."

I felt myself turn icy cold. I suppose I grew white. In a moment Madame La Peyre jumped up and put both arms round me.

"Ah ciel! my angel; but I had no thought of this. What is it, my Gertrude, my well-beloved?"

She rested my head on her shoulder and kissed me on both cheeks.

At this I began to cry heartily. My anger and fear melted away together.

"I don't mean," I sobbed, "that Captain Brand is not kind, but he is not my husband; I must love my husband, and I never—never—can—love—him."

"Yes, yes, *ma petite*, when he is your husband you will love him; it is quite right there is no occasion for that now; he does not now ask for your love, he does not even require that you should be called by his name."

I raised my head from her shoulder, and sat upright. If I did not protest then, it seemed to me, I was acknowledging myself married.

"Madame, will you please listen, and let me say all I want?" I gave a gasp, which frightened her, for she went and got her salt-bottle, and held it for me to smell at. "You know how young I am; I was much younger, much more like a child, before that night on board the *Adelaide*; I have never been the same since. My darling mother thought she was dying, and I thought so too; but indeed I gave her no consent; I was so stunned with surprise and grief that I said what I was told to say—it all seemed a dream—and then, just at the end, I thought my mother died, and I have never been able to remember what happened."

"My poor darling!"—her eyes were so full that she put her handkerchief to them—"it was too sudden, and you were too young, and then there was so much sadness afterward; if it had all come to pass quietly and naturally, you would have been contented."

I looked up to see if she could be in earnest; did she know nothing, then, of love? Had her soul been always kept free from the sweet, sad trouble which I knew to be woman's lawful portion.

Perhaps it had been feeling instead of knowledge, till I read Mr. Donald's poetry-books, but I thought that, however sad it might be, it was *life*; mere existence without it leveled one to a butterfly, or a bird; I started as the thought came—had not Mrs. Dayrell said that Madame La Peyre's nature was different from mine?

I shook my head.

"I can only say the same thing, madame. I must love my husband before I marry him, and I can never love Captain Brand. I think love is a free feeling; it could never be an act of duty. That marriage was not with my free consent. You think I am wicked, perhaps,

but that marriage makes me sometimes hate Captain Brand."

I jumped up and clinched my hands nervously; madame looked shocked, so shocked that she did not answer; she left me, and sat down in the chair opposite mine.

"My child, you indeed shock me. I do not think"—she spoke very coldly—"that Captain Brand knows how much you dislike this marriage."

"He knows I do not like him."

"He said you seemed to avoid him—seemed restrained with him; but I told him that this was quite right and proper for a young girl; and, my dear"—Madame La Peyre looked more decorous than I could have imagined possible—"I believe this conversation is unnecessary. Captain Brand is your husband, but he will not claim you as his wife for more than a year; all we have to think of is so to complete your education that you may be fit for your new position when the time comes."

Her unsympathetic manner saved me; I had been on the point of confessing my love to Eugène—our correspondence—my certainty that my father would refuse his consent to the marriage with Captain Brand—all the plans and hopes which had become fixed resolutions since I reached Merdon.

But that look of propriety warned me; instead of growing excited with the rush of impetuous feeling which a loving look or word would have created, I kept calm, and, being calm, could think.

How much wiser it was to keep quiet now, and then when my father's letters came in support of my assertion, and when Captain Brand was safe at the other side of the world, I could tell Madame La Peyre frankly that I consider my marriage was no marriage, and that I never would be the wife of any one unless I could be parted from Captain Brand!

My silence puzzled her; she leaned forward and put one hand gently on my cold fingers—I suppose the touch gave her a truer insight.

"We will not talk of this again, darling," she said, soothingly; "there is no need for either of us to remember it."

She smiled as sweetly, as brightly, as ever. I kissed her, and then I went to my own room.

"No need to remember!"

I looked at myself in the old mirror; how wan and drawn in my face was, and there were dark rings under my eyes! The shadow of the morning was no shadow now, it was a living sorrow stamped into my heart.

"No need to remember!" I sighed.

I must bear all my burden alone; there was no use in even trying to make good, kind, merry Madame La Peyre understand me.

## "WANTED TO EXCHANGE."

"NOW, isn't it a pretty house, Der-rick?" asked my sister Lillian, after conveying me through the homestead left me by my uncle Jeffries. "I'm so glad it's yours!"

We stood together in a cozy, nest-like apartment, over the west entrance.

"This room will furnish superbly," she

continued. "I have just the set in my mind that will suit it. What a lovely boudoir it will make for the future Mrs. Stanley!"

"Nonsense!" was my response. "I'm going to be an old bachelor, and you are to keep house for me for ever and ever. The possession of a wife has never entered into my speculations since—since that dreadful affair—but come, the breakfast-bell rang some time ago, and Thomas is waiting for us. We'll talk about the furniture for this room by-and-by. I feel as if I should like to convert it into a sort of snuggerly, such as I had in India, where I can smoke my pipe in peace, and, if occasion requires, turn things upside down."

So far I had thoroughly enjoyed the handsome villa at Haddington, after a five years' sojourn in India. For that time I had been a clerk in one of the best houses in Singapore. The death of an uncle and the inheritance of a moderate fortune, called me back from a business which was distasteful to me, and I entered at once into the pleasures of suburban life. The villa was an attractive residence, and the grounds adjoining it were spacious and tastefully laid out.

My sister had been a year widowed, and during that time an inmate of Briarwood. I had left her a laughing, blooming girl of sixteen; to me she was more beautiful in the ripeness of her maturity than she had been in her youth, and I hoped to keep her with me always.

The bell rang again, and I followed Lillian down into the breakfast-room. It was full of sunshine, and the glass doors leading to the garden were thrown wide open, so that the fragrance and beauty of the flowers regaled our senses. Thomas, an ancient butler, served us. He had been in the family for thirty years, and little was done in the "house" without his consent and supervision.

As we sat down to the table Thomas brought me the *Times*, exactly as he had brought it to my uncle for a score of years—dried, crisp, and cut. I took it, but, not caring to read at my breakfast, laid it upon a little stand at my sister's side.

Lillian made a very lovely *vis-à-vis* as she sat opposite, so fragile, so pensive! She was still in deep mourning, and round throat and wrists she wore the most delicate and *spirituelle* of ruffs—mist-like, yet white as driven snow. I wondered if she would ever think of marriage again, and said to myself I hoped not, we two might go on so comfortably together. She was unusually well informed, a good musician, and had the sweetest voice for conversation I ever heard in a woman.

"How stupid the *Times* is to-day!" she said, as she looked over the long columns; "there's that dreadful Tichborne case dragging its slow length along, and the editorials are altogether too grand for a morning's reading. I shall have to go to the advertisements for amusement as well as instruction."

She turned the rattling pages. After a short silence I was startled by a low cry, and glancing up she was looking at me with a curious expression, such as I had never seen on her face before.

"What is it, Lillian?" and I laid down



my fork, "pray tell me; you make my blood run cold looking at me that way."

"It's an advertisement," she said, "and you can't tell how it startled me. Let me read it:

"WANTED TO EXCHANGE.—The subscriber would like to exchange a Maltese cross of pearls, very antique in design, with a small but valuable diamond in the centre, for a plain set of furniture, including curtains and *lambrequins*. The latter must be blue. Address ETTA, No. — Cecil Street Strand."

"Well, and what of that?" I asked. "Such advertisements are very common."

"Yes, I know that," responded Lillian, excitedly, "but Grandmother Stanley had an antique Maltese pearl cross with a diamond centre."

"So she had!"

I felt the blood rushing to my face. For a brief second I was almost overpowered by the force of the sudden recollection, and could only sit and stare at my sister, while her large eyes were fastened magnetically upon mine.

"Yes, indeed," my sister continued, laying the paper down, "I have seen it several times. Once in a great while, if I had been particularly good, or had done her some favor which she appreciated, she would let me have it to hold, always telling me how highly she valued it. How well I remember that diamond! I have held it in the sunshine an hour at a time to catch the wonderful prismatic hues and the lovely white splendor of its light. Isn't it strange, Derrick?"

"It certainly is; there cannot be many antique Maltese crosses of exactly this description. I suppose you have never heard any thing of that—that girl?" I forced myself to say.

"Not a word; uncle quite gave up trying at last. But I have always thought that we should some time obtain a clew to her whereabouts. You see grandmother kept the cross in a little compartment—with some other jewels—of the same box in which she stored her money. Now, this is worth looking after."

"Yes, it is," I said, rather absently, for my mind had traveled back to the time, six years before, when I first saw Cora Everson, my grandmother Stanley's companion.

I was then twenty, of a bashful, reticent nature, and had never been much in the society of young ladies. She beamed upon me like a beautiful vision from paradise. A tall, queenly girl was Cora Everson, with bright lips, dark, pensive eyes, and an air of concealed grief, that made her a thousand times more interesting than ordinary girls.

My grandmother Stanley lived in her own house in Kensington, a solitary and not very happy woman. In losing my father, her only son, she lost all that made life worth having. She could never be persuaded to leave the hoary old mansion. How well I remembered its faded carpets, worn chintz, shabby damask, old-fashioned, indented silver, and high, cheerless halls, through which there were terrible draughts. In no other house did I have so vivid an apprehension of ghosts. I never slept in the dark old rooms looking

over the church-yard not far away, that I did not conjure up unearthly visions.

It had always been my custom to spend the vacations with my grandmother. She was one of those stately old-time women who demand reverence from youth, and generally receive it. I never entered her presence but with the mien befitting a courtier approaching his sovereign. In her youth she had been a great beauty; even now her silver-white hair hung in shining curls on each side of her charming old face, and her hands were as delicate and shapely at seventy as they had been in her youth. She was very proud of her hands. I don't think she had ever used them, save for show.

If my sister had not made my visits endurable by joining in them, a part of the time at least, I never could have borne the tedium and solitude of my grandmother's house.

It was at my suggestion that my venerable relative, having lost a favorite servant, advertised for a companion. Out of the many answers she received, only one suited her. It ran thus:

"I am an orphan, and have received a fair education. I can read well, sing tolerably, and work unlimitedly. As it is the first place I have ever sought, I must come without a recommendation, for I am utterly alone in the world. My father died, several months ago, in India. On my arriving in London, I found the aunt to whose care he had recommended me, dead, so that I have my own living to get. I will do my best to please you, and will try faithfully to execute all your commands.

"Very respectfully yours,

"CORA EVERSON."

"What do you think of that, grandson?" asked my grandmother, handing the note to me.

"She is very direct, and quite in earnest. It is a good hand," I said.

"I'm afraid she is very young."

"But, then, grandmother, you know you like young people."

"Yes, so I do; and she will brighten the old place when you are gone—that is, if she is pretty, and has good taste in dressing. I wonder if she is pretty?" she mused. "I can't abide a plain, uninteresting face, and I don't care particularly for intellectual expression. If she only have fine eyes, she will do. But, then, young things are not often pleased with dreary old houses and old women like me, though I flatter myself I am not quite a fright."

"I should think not," laughed Lillian, catching her last words as she fluttered in, all in white, and ran up to the old lady. "Why, you're a perfect beauty, with that silver hair, and complexion like tinted ivory. I only wish I had it; but I'm muddy."

"My dear, you are a very pretty little girl," said grandmamma, gently, "and the skin will clear by-and-by—no cosmetics, remember—I insist upon that." Then, turning to me: "Well, grandson?"

"Shall I write to this young woman?" I asked.

"Perhaps you had better. Say I will have

an interview on Monday, at three; and, children, I wish you both to be home."

On Monday, at three, I was seated in my grandmother's drawing-room, in a passive state of mind, awaiting the new arrival. Lillian was with us, alternately chatting and playing upon the old upright piano that leaned against the wall as if glued to it. The bell rang. Its dismal echoes, sounding through the house, startled me. The sound of footsteps made me nervous; and, when Brown flung open the door, with as much state as if it had been Buckingham Palace, and announced "A young person to see Mrs. Stanley," and the young person entered, with a carriage a trifle statelier than my grandmother's, my pulses fairly fluttered.

From the first moment that the girl was seated, and had removed her veil, I could think of nothing but an exquisite tropical flower with which to compare her—her starry eyes, full, red lips, and look of passionless repose. My grandmother seemed struck with her beauty.

"You are very young," she said, after she had talked with her a few moments.

"Only eighteen."

And her voice was as remarkable as her beauty, and her languid yet wonderful eyes were fixed in admiration upon the face of my grandmother. I think the splendid old lady recognized the silent homage of this girl, for she smiled; and then I knew she had made a favorable decision.

"Lillian dear, you will take her to her room," she said to my sister.—"Well," turning to me, abruptly, "what do you think of her?"

"I—I scarcely know," I stammered; and then, for the first time that I remembered for years, my grandmother broke into a laugh.

"She has dazzled you, grandson, as well as me. Take care! The Lord grant it may be to the ill doom of neither!" she added, in such solemn accents that I was impressed with an ominous foreboding, which I carried about with me all day.

"O Derrick!" said Lillian, meeting me in the hall, not long after, "isn't she lovely? Just like some great prima donna, and ever so much cleverer than I expected! She looks as if she could appreciate every thing nice, but this is a strange home for her. She impresses me as if she had, some time in the past, queened it as royally as ever our dear old granny did—I can't make her seem so young. Don't you like her?"

"Rather," I replied.

"How lonesome she will be when we are gone!" said Lillian. "But, then, she has no home. I suppose she is glad to find an ark to rest in; and, if this shabby old house isn't an ark, I should like to know what you can call it?"

It was no longer irksome, during the year that followed, to spend my vacations with Grandmother Stanley. I found myself looking forward to the time when I should set foot on the steps of the antiquated mansion with passionate delight. Even the old place seemed to change. The worn-out carpets grew brilliant with the colors of paradise. The faded chintz took on its pristine azure hue; and the antediluvian furniture, that had

always appeared to me to be endowed with a sort of old-world intelligence that might have told stories if it would, was more beautiful than the wonderful drawing-rooms in little that so often caught my eye in the windows of the chief upholsterers of London.

No, it was no longer irksome, since there was an angel waiting for me at the end of the journey. And, truth to tell, under her manipulations the house had brightened wonderfully. She delighted in embroidery, and was a great worker in brilliant wools. The old chairs and sofas seemed rejuvenated under her magic touches, and broke out into rosy life in the shape of flowers and beautiful conceits.

I used to wonder at my own emotions. At first it was quite sufficient pleasure for me to sit in her presence while my grandmother was by, and silently worship her.

My delight knew no bounds if she only smiled on me, but I could not dispossess myself of the idea that, under her seeming content, there was a secret sorrow eating into her heart; but that impression only made her the more charming. It seemed to me that she must know how I felt toward her, that I was her slave, and only lived in her presence. It was my first love—call it boyish transport if you will, but it was the sweetest, most enduring passion of my life.

I knew that my grandmother was growing very fond of her. The girl adapted herself even to her whims. She always treated her in that deferential, worshipful way, which alone was sufficient to win close to the heart of one who had been all her life accustomed to homage. When she read, I listened in silent ecstasy, sure that the wide world held no happier soul than mine. In fine, I loved her as only quiet, reserved natures are capable of loving, and yet nobody knew it—unless she suspected me, or perhaps Lillian.

She had been with my grandmother a year, and the end of my college-life was drawing to a close. I had striven to my utmost in all the details of my education, that I might be worthy of her. My appearance, my manners, had undergone a change through the transforming power of my devotion. Lillian told me again and again that I was really growing handsome, and once she whispered in my ear that Cora had said so too. Ah! that was all the praise I wanted.

From something I gathered in one of Lillian's letters relating to Miss Everson, I resolved to write to Cora, for I knew I never should be able to say what burning words waited for expression in my soul, face to face with her. The letter would reach her at such a time. She would not need to answer by mail, as I should follow it in a day or two.

How I got over the intervening hours I cannot tell. I was often in such a fever of excitement, that some of my fellow-students observed it, and laughingly asked me if I was going home to be buried or married.

As was my usual custom on my return, I stopped at Uncle Jeffries's. Old Thomas was the first person I met.

"Master was not home," he said; "had I got his letter—had I heard the news?" On signifying that I had not, he responded that my grandmother was dead, muttering some-

thing in addition that I was in too much haste to hear. I entered the house with a vague expectation of seeing Cora. My sister met me with an agitated manner, flushed face, and tears. She rushed into my arms, sobbing—

"O Derrick, isn't it awful—awful!"

"Dear grandmother, I little thought I should find her gone; when did she die?" I asked, softly.

"Die!" she drew back and looked at me with wild eyes. "Derrick, she was murdered!"

I let her go from my arms, and staggered back. I would not believe my senses. "The dear, old, harmless woman! Who could have killed her?"

"Who can tell, Derrick? All we know is, that she was murdered for her money. She had two or three hundred pounds, and it was all gone out of the box. You knew how very careless poor, dear grandmother was in money matters. I have often seen that box, unlocked and full of money, on the table in her room. The servants were honest and had been with her for years. O Derrick, is it not too terrible?"

I answered incoherently. My mind was in a whirl. I thought only of Cora even then, and spoke her name.

"Oh, don't!" cried Lillian, with a quick shudder; "how can we tell what she had to do with it?"

"Hush!" I said, involuntarily.

"But wait, Derrick dear, till you hear about it. Sit down and let me tell you. It was last Tuesday, two days ago, that Brown came rushing into the house, calling for Uncle Jeffries.

"They've killed my old mistress!" he said; "I found her dead in her bed, with a handkerchief pressed over her mouth—and there was a bottle of chloroform left on the table—and that artful hussy gone." Those were his very words, Derrick. Don't look at me so—she has really gone—yes, Cora—that we loved and trusted so; gone off like a thief in the night. O Derrick, it's quite true—and here is a letter she left for you. Brown brought it—found it on the drawing-room mantelpiece. Take it—it burns my fingers."

I clutched the letter, and tore it open. Lillian moved toward the window. The note was brief, and read as follows:

"DEAR MR. STANLEY: Your letter is received, and I can only say how sorry I am you have given your heart to one who can make you no return. I did not dream you felt so toward your grandmother's poor companion. I am quite overwhelmed with the honor you do me; but, alas! I cannot be any thing to you but the friend I have always been. Neither can I now disclose the reason why. I feel impelled to say that I shall not remain much longer with your grandmother. I hope she may find some one who will be more grateful; but she never can find one who will love her as I have. It is in my heart to say that you will never see me again—I cannot tell why, but my impressions never play me false. Forget me, and believe me,

"Always your friend,

"CORA EVERSON."

I felt frozen through and through as I read this singular epistle—all but my brain, which seemed to be the only living part of my body. Lillian had turned as I folded the letter again.

"Derrick!" she cried, in alarm, "how white you are! What has she said, Derrick? I hope—you—did—not—"

"Cora! Cora! lost to me forever!" broke from my lips—and, rushing from Lillian's detaining hand, I flew to my own room.

Since that day we had heard nothing that could give us any clue to the perpetrator of the dreadful deed. Old Brown on that fatal morning had found the front-door unchained and unlocked, and, hastening to his mistress to learn if possible the cause of such neglect, had also found her door wide open, papers scattered over the floor, the bureau-drawers thrown out, and the poor lady cold in death.

The night before, or possibly in the dark of the morning, Cora had fled, whether alone or with an accomplice could not be told. My uncle Jeffries offered a large reward; I myself took part in the search, anxious to find, and, if possible, exonerate Cora, but she had escaped us.

And now, five years afterward, sitting opposite my sister at our pleasant breakfast together, we seemed suddenly to have touched the first link in the chain of evidence that might lead to the detection of the criminal.

"What shall you do about it, Derrick?" asked Lillian, after a long silence.

"I'll follow it up to-day," I replied. "I'm going to the bank, and will take the Strand on my way. I think I know the house—it's very near where I boarded when you and Uncle Jeffries went traveling that summer. I must see that cross, anyway."

"I should know it in a moment," said Lillian. "Grandmamma always told me I was to have it—it was one of her family jewels, and years upon years old; nearly two hundred, I think. Besides, it had her initials engraved on the back. That was done when she was a little girl; and, though the letters are faint, they are there yet—V. S. I used to tell her it was her name that made her so stately—Victoria."

"You'll be home soon," said my sister, as we rose from the table. "I feel strangely nervous about it. And, now I think of it—I dreamed last night of the old house in Kensington. I'm glad it's sold out of the family; they say it has the reputation of being haunted, and is soon to be pulled down."

Strangely stirred by the blending of past associations with the present, I was soon on my way to the city. Eager as I was to pursue the matter, I had a nervous dread of pursuing myself in Cecil Street; so I went first to the bank, although my whole mind was engrossed with the peculiar business I had come to investigate.

I trembled at the thought of beholding the woman whose image I had never been able to banish. But then what reason had I to suppose I should see her? The cross might have passed through many hands—she might be living in a distant country, or dead.

I lingered at Trafalgar Square—walked round it twice, indeed, and found myself paus-

ing before each statue and fountain in a thoroughly brown study; and it was only by an effort of my will that I went on my way, at last, and came to a stand before the house specified. I felt, even then, an almost irresistible desire to draw back, when a brawny country-girl, full six feet high, opened the door in answer to my double knock. She made a bobbing courtesy, and stared in my face with a pair of unusually expressionless blue eyes.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" I asked.

"Missus don't want to see no peddlers, agints, or sich," said the girl, with a hasty motion, as if she would shut the door in my face.

"Stop, if you please; is Miss Etta in?" I asked.

"Oh, sir, I begs your parding, yes, sir; come right in, sir; and glad she'll be to see you," said the girl, evidently anxious to make amends for her previous lack of politeness. I entered the shabby hall, and she threw open the parlor-door. I knew the stuffy smell, the bristling hair-cloth, the dusky grate, the patched carpet, and the massive centre-table, adorned with a red-and-black cloth. I had seen this same room often, or its counter part.

For some time I sat there studying the few cheap specimens of art that graced the walls, and listening to a band of street-singers, till my head ached with their inharmonious din. I counted the figures on the carpet, the indentations on the back of the pudgy sofa, and was longing for better occupation, when a light footstep sounded. In my anxiety I rose from my seat, and stood facing the door, as it opened. A young and very pretty girl came in, dressed simply in white, with blue ribbons—the color of her eyes—at her throat, and in her hair. At first there was an appearance of surprise in her manner, having been led to believe, as I conjectured, that I was a friend or acquaintance—then a pink color came into her cheeks—she smiled and bowed, with a puzzled look, as I made my name known, and begged me to be seated.

"I saw an advertisement in the *Times*, this morning," I began.

"Oh, yes, I thought it would be noticed," she said, with sprightly gestures; then, perhaps observing the extreme gravity of my demeanor, she paused for a moment.

"We should be very well pleased to make the exchange," she added, "we know the cross to be very valuable—it has been tested."

"I should like," said I, in the voice of a judge condemning a prisoner to death, "to see that cross."

A startled look came into her face. Perhaps she thought me a confidence-man; she half rose.

"I think you had better speak with my mother," was her response. "If you will excuse me, I will go for her."

"Certainly," I replied, "and you will favor me by bringing the cross with you."

It was not long before she returned, and with her an elderly person, with sharp eyes and a hard brow, upon which was written business. She lost no time.

"You came to see about the advertise-

ment, my daughter says." She spoke with great rapidity.

"I came to see the cross, madam—the Maltese cross, with a diamond centre."

"That is what we wish to exchange, sir, for a set of furniture. It is valuable."

"If the cross proves to be what I think it is, I would willingly give two sets of furniture for it," was my reply. "I have a very serious reason for wishing to examine it."

"You shall see it, sir." She rang the bell. A stout serving-man made his appearance.

"John, you will bring down the black box on the chest of drawers in my room," she said. The man came back, in a few moments, with the box, and remained in the room, probably at a sign from his mistress. The woman took a key from her pocket, slowly unlocked and opened the box, while the pretty Etta stood looking on, her face full of wonder. Then the landlady rose, came and seated herself beside me, and put the pin in my hand, her sharp, black eyes fastened upon my face, as if she would say, "Young man, I am reading you through and through."

A strange thrill ran along my veins as it touched my palm; a poignant pain mingled with pleasure, as the recollection of that one white year stirred all the better emotions of my soul. I seemed to see my grandmother's face before me, horror-struck at the aspersions cast upon the girl she had taken into her heart; at the same time I felt that I had chanced upon a clew to the mysterious tragedy. I knew it was hers, for on the back could be traced the initials V. S. My fingers trembled, and the blood rushed to my brain.

"I am quite satisfied," I said, "and now will you please tell me how you came in possession of this jewel, upon the possession of which depends the revelation of a most dreadful crime."

The woman stared at me, rose from her seat, and went back to the table. The young girl changed color—probably they thought me an escaped lunatic.

"I don't know that you have any right to demand an answer to that question; it is not pleasant to talk of family matters to strangers," said the landlady. "We had no reason to suspect that there was any thing connected with the cross—that—"

"O mamma!" exclaimed the girl, impulsively.

"Well?" the eyes of the two women met. The elder one resumed her seat.

"The circumstances were singular at least," said Miss Etta, in a low and trembling voice. Her face was now very pale.

"I beg you will tell me," I said, putting aside the magisterial air which I had almost unconsciously assumed. "This cross bears the initials of my grandmother, who was found dead in her bed in a house in Kensington some five years ago."

"I remember," said the girl, placing her looked hands on the table, "and I am sure mamma will let me tell you all about how we came in possession of the cross, after what you have said. We certainly never dreamed that there was any thing so terrible connected with it."

There was no response from the elder

woman, who had sunk yet farther back in her chair, and sat looking at me curiously.

"I think it must have been seven or eight months ago, was it not, mamma?"

"Yes, the very day Chancellor Blake hired the second pair back," responded the woman, business always uppermost.

"In a dreadful storm of sleet and rain. Oh, the wind blew a tempest."

"Took one of the chimneys down," said the landlady, *sotto voce*.

"We couldn't turn the poor thing away—it was a woman, sir, who came—though it looked bad her coming at that hour of the night. Besides, she had with her the sweetest little girl."

"Or she never should have come in," supplemented the other.

"We gave them a room upon the third story—she said she only wanted to stay a few days, and paid for nearly a month in advance."

"What kind of a looking-person was she?" I asked.

"Very tall, with dark eyes and hair, looked a lady, didn't she, mamma?"

"I should say handsome—had been," added the landlady.

"But the child—she was just as beautiful as she could be."

"Yes."

"She kept staying on," continued the young girl; "for we got very fond of and sorry for her, she seemed to be in such great trouble, and so very delicate in health besides. Every day, somewhere near noon, she went out and left her little girl with us, and after she came back she always seemed wild and nervous-like."

"Meantime the rent was going on, and we neither of us liked to speak about it, and add to her trouble, whatever it was."

"One day she called my mother up-stairs, and mentioned it herself—told us how sorry she was to owe any thing, but she had been placed in unfortunate circumstances through the ill-doings of others."

"I have no money," she said, "and you have been so kind as to let me stay without mentioning that I was in your debt. But I have a curious old cross which was given to me several years ago, and which I have never before been willing to part with under all my discouragements. It is very valuable, and you could at any time turn it into money—much more than the sum I owe you. I am going away to America before a great while, if I can so arrange matters as to make it worth my while. Will you take it?"

"I think, for the sake of the dear little child, we would have taken the cross if it had not been worth a farthing."

"That day she went out again, and remained later than usual. I had been getting ready to go away, and was just leaving the house as the front-door opened, and she fell in a dead swoon at my feet."

"We brought her in here—but, oh, sir! she never regained her right senses, but raved so when the swoon left her, that we were obliged to have watchers all that night, to see that she did not kill herself. She did say some terrible things—but we have never spoken of them—"



Again the eyes of the two women met.

"And where is she now?" I asked, inexpressibly saddened by this story.

"She was taken to the — Hospital for the Insane—and there she is to this day, poor thing. As often as I can find time I go there and see how she is. They told me the last time I was there she was not at all violent. That was three weeks ago."

"And the little child?"

"Oh, we have kept her, sir," said the elder lady, "and we are very fond of her; but, unfortunately, we find ourselves so straitened in circumstances just now, that I am afraid we shall have to part with her. We own this house," she added, with a pardonable pride, seeing the flush on her daughter's face, "but it is difficult to keep up with the taxes and expenses unless it is full, which I am sorry to say is far from the case at this time."

I rose and returned the cross, saying that I would try and find the woman before I negotiated for the exchange; and, having learned her name, which was Atherton, I took my departure, promising to call again soon.

On first leaving there, I was inclined to put off further search for that day—I dreaded to look upon that face I had so worshiped, which must, I thought, be so marred and disfigured; but something seemed to whisper, "No time like the present." So, taking a cab, I was soon set down at the door of the asylum, a noble stone edifice surrounded by beautiful grounds. By good fortune it happened to be open to visitors, and I made the best of my opportunity.

On asking one of the attendants if the person I was in search of was there, he answered readily that she was in the ward under his charge, and that she had been for some months very violent, adding, "But now, sir, she is quite sane—in possession of all her faculties, though in a very critical condition."

"I trust I may be allowed to see her," I said; "if so, will you tell her that Mr. Derrick Stanley is here? If she remembers the name, it will be proof sufficient that she is the lady I am seeking."

He bowed and left me, returning presently with a physician.

"I don't think it will do any material harm for you to see the lady now," said the doctor. "When your name was mentioned, she was very eager to have you brought to her. Follow me, if you please."

Through the long, wide corridors, past doors, open and shut, through some of which we both heard and saw the poor, demented occupants, I was led to a small room, scantily furnished, but neat and sunny.

"Is he coming?" asked a low voice, that thrilled me with its remembered music. "Oh, I knew God would hear my prayer!"

I had not dared to picture to myself how she would look. I had not dreamed of seeing a peaceful white face, over which the great, dreamy dark eyes shed a strange lustre. She reclined, supported by many pillows, in a half-sitting posture, and looked little indeed like one who had ever committed or participated in any deed of violence. Her whole face brightened at my approach. For a moment, the look of her youth in its health

and beauty came over her wasted features. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes brightened, her lips parted. She held out both wasted hands—oh, so white, so wasted! My heart ached for her!

"I am glad you came to-day," she said; "my poor, troubled life is fast ebbing out, and I have so much to tell you! Oh, where shall I begin?"

The doctor and the attendant withdrew, and left us alone together.

"Perhaps if he had lived—my husband"—her lips trembled—"I should have felt it my duty to carry this secret to my grave—but—" she put her hand under the pillow, and drew forth a neatly-folded newspaper. "One of the nurses left it here one day," she said, and pointed feebly to a paragraph which I read with absolute astonishment. The paper was three weeks old:

"This morning, at six o'clock, the warder, in going his rounds through the Old Bailey, found one of the prisoners strangled in his cell—the man of many aliases, whose long career of vice has come at last to an ignominious end. He was known as 'Professor Leavel,' 'Handsome Charley,' 'Bold Dixon,' 'Jerry Afton,' etc., etc., and was one of the most successful criminals that was ever known in the annals of counterfeiting. He has followed this calling both in this country and in America. The man could put on the mien of a gentleman so artfully that he deceived even experienced detectives. Of an unusually handsome exterior, and with the most polished manners, the only wonder is, how he ever became so notoriously depraved. It is more than suspected that he has been concerned in several robberies, and it is very probable that, if he had not taken his life as he did, he would have spent the remainder of it in Botany Bay."

I looked up in astonishment.

"And that was my husband, Heaven help me!" she faltered.

"But he is dead."

"Yes, and I have much to tell you. I became acquainted with him in India, where he passed himself off as the son of a distinguished family. My father had an office there under Government, and was very fond of entertaining strangers. It was at one of the little dinner-parties he was constantly giving, that this man was introduced to me as Philip Atherton—whether that is his real name I cannot tell. Handsome, witty, and accomplished, I thought him all he should be, loved him, listened to his suit, and, with my father's full consent, was married to him when I was but little more than seventeen. While my father lived, he supported me in luxury. He always had plenty of money, and delighted to lavish it upon me. Six months after my marriage my father died.

"In the first week of my bereavement my husband was called out of the house one morning. Two days passed, and he did not return. I was distracted with terrible apprehensions. The third day came a letter in which he informed me that he had been imprisoned for political reasons, his property all attached—alas! none of the beautiful things with which he had surrounded me

were his—and begged me to take what money I had and go to London, where he would send me instructions what to do in order to obtain his release. In no other way could I serve him. At that time I believed him implicitly. I loved him with my whole soul.

"I engaged passage to England with a heavy heart, intending to go to an aunt who had always been very kind to me. Oh, sir, imagine if you can my feelings when I heard by chance on board that vessel that my husband was imprisoned for passing counterfeit money—that he was one of a gang of counterfeiters—the chief, indeed! I hardly knew how I lived under the crushing sense of my humiliation. I could not shut my eyes to the fact that I had married a criminal. I wonder my heart was not broken, so young as I was, so fervently had I loved him.

"I reached London—my aunt was dead—my money nearly gone. Then it was I saw your dear grandmother's advertisement. God sent me there in mercy, that I might rest soul and body in that brief time of happiness. You know how I loved that dear woman, and that tranquil life in Kensington. I could have staid there forever, even with that haunting trouble ever beside me. But a greater horror was preparing for me.

"One night—the very night I received that letter from you—I was wakened as the clock was striking two. I thought I heard a slight rustling noise in my room. I looked out from the curtains trying to remember if I had left my light burning like that. A tall, dark figure stood at the corner of my bureau, looking at my watch. The light struck out the outline of his head, the thick, heavy curls that hung upon his coat-collar. At the sound of my moving he turned—our eyes met—it was my husband! He cried out with a great oath, and then rushed toward me. His face was deadly white.

"How did you get in this house?" I asked, and oh, the sickening feeling that came over me!

"Easily enough," he answered. "I have been trying to find you, and have succeeded, though I'm sorry to break your rest."

"But how did you get in?" I asked again.

"Bribed the old party who has charge—what's his name?"

"And then—but I cannot tell you—only that I discovered to him that I knew all—and there was a terrible scene. Little I dreamed even then of what he had been guilty, for I believed he had entered as he said.

"At last he declared that I should leave the house with him, yes, before daybreak—said he had spoken his passage in an American vessel which would set sail at six o'clock. O that night of agony! I implored him on my knees to let me stay—to leave me behind, and I would follow him; not to let me seem so ungrateful to one who had been a blessed friend in my adversity. Little did I know that she lay cold and dead only a few feet from me—and that he!"—she dashed the tears from her eyes.

"But no," she resumed, "he was inexorable; tears nor prayers availed. I was helpless—in his power—he was my husband.

"We went to America. Let me pass over

years of torture—not that he ever ill-used me—sometimes I lived in luxury; I believe his one virtue was, that he loved me and our poor little child. At last he returned here, and almost the first hour we set foot in England, he was arrested for old crimes, and in one of his *aliases*. I found shelter for a few months in—

"Yes," I said, hastily interrupting her, for the task was too painful. "I know the rest;" and I told her what I had learned about the cross.

"Ah, that cross!" she said, "I found it among his belongings, little dreaming at that time of its value."

"But did he know that he caused the death of my grandmother?" I asked.

"I believe he suspected it, and it was the shock of that suspicion that caused him to leave the room in confusion, he told me. He found her awake, and there was a little struggle—oh, I cannot talk about it! He was naturally of a kind disposition. I have known him to rescue dumb animals from danger. I did my best to dissuade him from coming to England again, dearly as I loved my own land, for I could not close my eyes to his guilty mode of living. But I never thought he had been a housebreaker—a murderer!" She gasped and grew deadly pale. "When I told him that day," she resumed, "that I had given the cross for my board, I never shall forget the look with which he regarded me, or his exclamation:

"Then you have hanged me!"

"I stared at him in bewilderment.

"They'll try to sell the cursed thing, and it will come out sooner or later, some way," he said. "Oh, my heart! Some way murder will out." Then he told me all; then, for the first time, I knew what manner of death my best friend died. Do you wonder that after that revelation I went mad?"

I sat by her side—I am not ashamed to acknowledge it—weeping like a boy. The poor, stricken soul! At her feet I laid down all feelings of revenge. To me she was as pure and sacred as the sweet girl I had loved with a true passion.

Passively she accepted my guardianship. I sent her flowers and fruits, I carried her books and papers. The little child, lovely as a dream, was taken to the hospital by Etta, and one of the good nurses watched over the little one that she might be with her mother as long as she lived. It was a sweet yet sad sight. They were always together—the tiny Cora nestling among the pillows with her dolls and childish toys—bending at times over the yearning eyes that were so often fastened upon her, in their depths inextinguishable love. The wasted beautiful face with its delicate outlines—the round, rosy contour of childish health, laughing eyes, glowing lips, floating curls, and joyous laughter—how striking was the contrast!

Lillian sometimes accompanied me, delighted to see her old friend, and infatuated with little Cora. She never could resist the child's caresses. Cora lay watching them, her eyes misty with tears, though her lips were trembling into smiles.

"I think the little creature loves me," Lillian said one day; the child cried out with

passionate gladness as she entered the door, and sprang toward her circling arms.

"I know she does—my darling! What will become of her when I—"

The quivering lips refused further utterance.

"Cora, give her to me," said Lillian, softly.

A sudden radiance spread over the wasted face.

"Would you take her? would you?" she cried, eagerly.

"She shall be as dear to me as if she were my own," said Lillian, with deep feeling.

Not long after that I went alone to Cora's room. The child was not there; sunshine came streaming across the pillows; there were rippling wavelets of gold playing upon the white ceiling. A basket of flowers, my sister's last gift, stood upon the little table by the bedside; the summer breeze fluttered in, and coyly stirred the muslin curtains at her head.

We knew from the first that this would come, and yet to me it was very bitter to look my last upon that pallid, waxen semblance of my lost love.

I took a white bud from the flowers, and placed it in her hand. I had never kissed her in life—now, just once, with unutterable solemnity, I touched the cold lips. And yet could I have wished her to live? I think not.

The pearl cross came to its rightful owners again. I bought the set of furniture for Miss Etta, the prettiest I could find, and sent upholsterers to hang the handsome damask curtains that were with them.

Then, with Lillian's help, I furnished the room that I had promised myself for a bachelor's snuggery—but I am seldom alone, for Cora's child with her winning ways and golden curls, looks up, with her mother's glowing eyes, into mine, asking some pretty question, giving some sweet caress, many times through the day. She is our household sunshine, Lillian's and mine.

M. A. DENISON.

## TOLERABLE SINS.

IT is astonishing with what partiality we view our sins. We are like the most unjust of step-mothers to some of them, while we are doting, real papas and mammas to others.

Here they are, the six equally naughty sins, from which we pray every Sunday to be delivered: Pride, Vainglory, and Hypocrisy; Envy, Hatred, and Malice. But how we pat little Pride, Vainglory, and Hatred, on the head, while we turn Envy, Hypocrisy, and Malice, out into the cold! So with the seven capital sins, which include lying, and covetousness, and murder (which may be hated under another name); we are very distinctive in our feelings toward all of them. We unite in hating a liar almost instinctively; he is the enemy of the human race. Among savage tribes he is put to death. The necessity of truth is so great that the demand for it is imperious. Not so with hatred. Anger, even

murder, done under great provocation, finds a strange advocate in the recesses of the human heart. Hypocrisy has no friends. She is the lie personified; and we detest her the more that, having taken us in, she makes us despise ourselves. Malice is a poor creature—no greatness in her, either. She backbites, and slanders, and smiles, and smiles, and is a villain. No apologist has ever made Malice attractive. She was born ugly, and we hate her.

But Pride is my favorite sin! What nice names we give him! We call him courage, and nobility of soul, and "elevated tone," and such-like pretty nicknames. Even self-love, that most sensitive of cuticles, does not relent at the admission of this sin. "I know I am proud; it is a very great defect in my character," is the half-pleased confessional of many a soul who would never admit "I know I am a malicious slanderer;" or, "I know I am an envious and hypocritical sinner." There is something noble, grand, and attractive, in the word *pride*. Is it because there are two prides, the one a virtue, and the other a sin? or is there something in the sin itself dear to our fallen natures? Perhaps the glorious poetry of Milton, in describing the state of Lucifer, son of the morning, has gilded it, and we are ready to own that we, too, have the failing of an archangel.

Now, vaingloriousness, while we do not wish to own it ourselves, does not always make us dislike those who have it. We find them ridiculous, and we laugh at the result; but it is compatible with amiability, and it flatters our own self-esteem; it is a weak, poor side of human nature; but it is, after all, a tolerable fault.

So, again, with hatred. All men, like Dr. Johnson, rather "love a good hater." Terrible and deadly sin as it is, it is in a measure seems to carry strength and sincerity with it. It has a quality in it which commands respect. It is a tolerable fault. It is all the more dangerous and deadly that it has this fascination; and, were I a moralist, I would preach more eloquently against that awful presumption which men cultivate, and call it pride, and against this sin of hatred, than against all the other intolerable faults which, though they equally assail the human heart, have not this dangerous power of looking like virtues. For instance, hypocrisy, an unlovely and hateful vice, has but to be named to be despised. Deeply as it is inwoven into the very texture of our society, still we regard the hypocrite as we do a reptile, and get to know, by a subtle instinct, how much of truth or falsehood he metes out to us with every look. Without hypocrisy, what would become of half the gay interchange of compliment and sentiment which we call conversation? and yet who, in his heart, would not rather live in a palace of truth? So, with malice, the bitter tongue, the acidulated temper, the Iago-like spirit, is ever discovered and disliked. No personal fascination can save a malicious person; sooner or later he becomes unpopular, and is shunned like the east wind.

Then, again, envy seems to carry its own antidote with it. We are in no danger of falling in love with the envious if we study them a moment. Envy is so mean, so dis-

cordant, so poor—a wretched intellectual mistake, unworthy of a strong mind—that the world accords it little forgiveness. Better be a vainglorious fool, a proud, peremptory tyrant, a procrastinator, the thief of others' time, than to show envy, if you desire personal popularity. An envious soul is like the wretch in "Vathek," whose heart was perpetually consumed by a burning fire. For, once begun, where can it end? If we begin with the vulgar envy of those whose worldly lot seems better than our own, must we not go on till we envy the orator his burning words, the poet his inspiration, the philanthropist his good works, the thinker his sublime abstraction, the painter his immortal conception, the worker his blessed rest after toil? We shall end by envying the patient sufferer his patience, the Christian his prayer, the dying man his resignation! All these great things, given to us for our delight and solace, our help and hope, will become, through this miserable sin, but whips to scourge us with; and, when we admit envy, we have lighted the fire which burns only our own hearts. If ever envy could be forgiven, it would be with those who, afflicted by some bodily infirmity, are denied the bliss of action, and hindered from "those iron-clad joys we call employments;" but we find little envy in such as these. Some especial angel (is his name Patience?) sits by the couch, and whispers—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

People of what is called "easy morality" are often very popular (for a short time), because of the absence of that self-righteous judgment which is, sometimes, the disagreeable accompaniment of "every other virtue." "Such a person is a saint, therefore intolerant," has been said of some very good people, who carry a moral tape-measure wherewith to measure the shortcomings of others. It is not as attractive—this form of self-consciousness—as that "easy morality" which, while stumbling fearfully itself, still stoops forgivingly to pick up a stumbling brother. We love, in history and romance, some of these dear sinners; we love them in daily life, and let us hope that our love and forgiveness may be but a feeble type of that which awaits them hereafter, for who knows what *ignis fatuus*, what fatal hereditary weakness, what misfortune may have turned a virtue into a fault in their poor lives?

And here, perhaps, is the key-note to this involved chord. We love humility. It is a sweet flower which sometimes grows in very poor soil. It is the "lily of the valley" among the virtues, and retains its fragrance, no matter how marshy and treacherous has been the sod which bore it. The character, however faulty, which shows a humble spirit toward itself, has something lovely and hopeful in it. It is a shadow of this grace which makes us love those of "easy morality."

We cannot argue against this instinct—and should we?—which makes us greet with enthusiasm the occasional self-sacrifice of the gambler, the reckless generosity of the pirate, the belated obedience of the prodigal son; and is there not something hopeful in this tendency of human nature to care for the

occasional wild-flowers of virtue, rather than for those exotics of careful culture, those annunciation lilies of education, training, and happy circumstances? Let us thank God for the latter, beautiful, secure, to be depended upon, but not the less let us thank him for these proofs that there is no heart so lost, no life so vile, no soul so degraded, but that there may be a gleam of good, a reaching upward for better things.

If we find in the poor, tempted supernumerary at the theatre a desire for a better life; if we find in the prisoner a hope, an effort to behave better; if we find in the criminal a yearning thirst for something apart and above his bloody life, it should be the business of the good to foster these germs. A disbelief in the possible improvement of any human being is one of the intolerable faults.

One of the tolerable faults, curiously enough, seems to be the habit of being always late, which belongs to some people. That vice which gives busy people such infinite inconvenience, which would seem, at first blush, to be particularly unpardonable, is almost universally forgiven. And yet he who steals from you your precious half-hour, your invaluable twenty minutes, takes from you a possession absolutely priceless. Of all the losses thrown into limbo, none is so valuable as this of time lost in waiting for others; yet we forgive the unpunctual. Perhaps those alone dare to keep us waiting who are worth waiting for. Perhaps that great magician, "Personal Fascination," comes in and waves his wand, and it is a fortunate thing for the rest of the world, that most of those who have not the principle of punctuality within them, are not sufficiently assured of their own personal popularity to put it to so severe a test, else half the world would be kept waiting for the other half! It may be a question of "easy morality" again, and the leniency with which tardy people keep you waiting may show itself in some amiable concession to your wishes, and you forget the annoyance of the morning in the amusement of the afternoon.

Who can tell why we take such vain conceits? why we love, and why we hate, why we forgive, and why we do not forgive? There is, undoubtedly, some subtle reason for our unwilling toleration of what we know to be very great sins. Would it be a copy-book morality if we suggest that these sins are the shadows of some virtue, that they have a gleam of the truth in them?

For, of all people in the world, the "truthful" are the most beloved. There is something so beautiful in truth, it is so dear to every human heart, that a person who is simply true gains respect, reverence, and love, without an effort. No matter for polish, a roughly truthful person is like an uncut diamond; you suspect the radiance if you see it not, and give it your appreciation. Some people are morally true, and intellectually false; the heart is true, the intellect is bewildered; they are not despised, the heart shines out; but a nature that is as true as steel where heart and mind are of one accord, is a nobleman in his own right, no one can take away his peerless attraction.

But, of all the faults which are "toler-

able, and *not* to be endured," is that latent malice, and "all uncharitableness," which wears the mask of truth, and assumes a tone of frankness, in order to be disagreeable. Real truth may be rough, but is seldom unkind. That which aches it, and is not itself, is unkind, and arrogant, and hurtful. That which people call "speaking one's mind," telling you "your faults for your own good," is often but a selfish expression of personal envy or malice.

Self-consciousness, when it takes on the form of bragging, cannot be said to be a very attractive vice. The man who tells you directly or indirectly of his great and good actions, his large estates, his good pictures, his fine horses; or, in fact, while he illuminates any thing which is his, is not placing himself in a fascinating attitude. And it is astonishing how common this is! "To become forgetful of others and only conscious of yourself," is one definition of insanity; and it is curious that a sane person can be a braggart. For one moment let him say to himself an imaginary speech having "I" as its basis, as coming from some one else, and he will feel the bad effects of the ego, as seen from the other side.

Personal unselfishness covers a multitude of sins. What a cloak for all weathers, all journeys, is this splendid garment! How the wearer of it is sought as a companion for a walk or for a voyage! how delightful is he in the family circle! what a reflex of our own moods, be they grave or gay! Such characters, informed and ennobled, become the real saints of the world; weakened or debased, they are still dear to us; an unselfish person, be he saint or sinner, in a palace or a prison, has friends and lovers, which the self-conscious person fails to gain, even though in his determined walk in his premeditated course, he may move our respect, our admiration, and even our envy; he does not gain our love.

And in this personal unselfishness we recognize one immortal flower of paradise, which throws its fragrance all around it. It is not enough, alone, to save a character—alas! it has sometimes helped to betray it—but of its beauty and charm there can be no doubt. How much do we owe to the "sweet-tempered," the "cheerful," the "unselfish" members of our families! our acquaintance, who have lighted up our darkest hours, who come to us like strains of music, and of whom we can scarcely think but with a grateful smile! Sometimes such a character has been to us a sort of wandering angel; we have not known what it was to us, until it had taken its flight; in other and happier instances it remains to us a perpetual benediction.

Undoubtedly, many men and women pass for better or worse than they really are, through the intervention of the sometimes opaque veil of what we call "manners." Shyness, awkwardness, a want of personal grace, have often made the humble man ape pretension, and the social heart appear cold and defiant. It is strange to see how often the body seems to be in the way of the mind. Instead of being its faithful servant and true interpreter, the body becomes recalcitrant,



and will not obey its master. We all pass through a certain experience in youth which reveals this perversity of the flesh. And some men and women never outgrow it; others—most people, in fact—get the physical forces under, and are able to look, and be, and say, what they mean; but many are masquerading to the end, unable to get through the opaque veil. "A vain fellow," says Sir Richard Steele, "takes twice as much pains to be ridiculous as would make him sincerely agreeable." Here we have our self-consciousness again as the betraying principle; but the good, the modest, the true, sometimes suffer. To them the same clever writer gives an admirable recipe for good manners: "He who thinks no man his superior but for virtue, and no man his inferior but for vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will be as ready frequently to emulate men in rank below him, as to avoid and pity those above."

It took a brave heart, and a true one, to be able to write those words in aristocratic England, where rank has such a prodigious power and place, and had even more in Steele's day.

While courage, and pride, and unselfishness, and humility, have such a good sound in our ears, and while through them we are ready to forgive many accompanying sins, we may not despair of human nature. But there is still much to be done, and considerable battle to be fought, while we do so easily forgive the tolerable sins. We have no right to foster pride, to forgive hatred, or to compound with easy morality, even if ever so fascinating. With all these agreeable and pleasant lapses we wrong somebody. Fortune would it be if it were only ourselves! for then we could hope that we should be forgiven; but we know not how much we wrong others. There is no compromise possible with virtue; it is absolute or not at all. There are the many and flowery and pleasant paths: there is but one thorny and straight one. Perhaps for the lighter and more unimportant guide-posts, this is as good a legend as any to inscribe thereon: "We cannot be too forgiving toward others, nor too severe toward ourselves."

M. E. W. S.

## MIGNONETTE.

MY sweetheart to my heart I hold,  
Not only for the sweetness  
Of inner life she doth unfold,  
But womanhood's completeness;  
And I have plucked a gentle flower, her name  
in sign to set—  
A rare-souled flower of dainty mould:  
Exquisite Mignonette!

This fragrant bloom of garden-birth,  
So modest, yet persuasive—  
Because the sweet it saps from earth  
By fullness is invasive—  
Is truest measure of my love, of all the flowers  
I've met—  
"Une *herbe d'amour*"—petite in girth,  
Delicious Mignonette!

Yet flowers no answering passion prove,  
Though sanguine-tipped in color;  
And, in this one, my bosom's love  
Wakes envy's trace of dolor.  
Oh, well I know not any sign could aught of  
grace beget,  
So gracious as the lips I love  
Of her, my Mignonette!

But, still my heart is quick to say,  
For just the mere suggestion  
That comes with a *risada* spray:  
"That, far beyond all question  
Of loveliness in other flowers, though rose or  
violet,  
To me, none other can betray  
The charm of Mignonette!"

MARY B. DODGE.

## THE CAÑON OF THE COLORADO,

AND THE MOQUIS PUEBLOS.

### CHAPTER IX.

ON the 2d of September we began our preparations for home, and, on the evening of the 3d, found ourselves in our old encampment by the side of the Pools, near Mee-shong-an-avah.

Before retiring for the night, I went up into the town and paid the chief a visit, during which I witnessed a scene that may be set down as a remarkable example of Indian refinement.

While we were regaling ourselves on watermelons and vegetables, the old gentleman's wife came in and seated herself in front of us, followed by her daughter, ten years of age, gotten up in all the perfection of a natural toilet, i. e., perfectly naked. I supposed that they were about to join us at supper; but, instead of this, the old lady deliberately began picking the lice from her child's head, and cracking them between her teeth, with a dexterity that could only have been acquired by long practice.

I am not generally accused of having a delicate appetite; but I confess that, upon this occasion, my desire for food was easily satisfied; nor was it until I got out my old pipe and began to smoke, that my stomach resumed its natural tone.

Lice-eating is not confined to the Moquis, for, in the "Andes and the Amazons," Orton says, "we found the chief, one day, taking lice for his lunch. Sitting behind his little boy, he picked out the little parasites with his nails, and crushed them between his teeth with a look of satisfaction. Eating lice is an old Indian custom, and universal in the Andes. We have seen half a dozen women sitting on the ground in a row, picking out vermin from each other's heads. We thought the arrangement was a little unfair, for the first in the series had no lice to eat, and the animals were left to roam undisturbed in the capillary forest of the last."

Custom is every thing; and, while to an Eastern man this must seem any thing but a choice taste, it appears the dainty of dainties to the Indian epicures, and is in proof

of what I have before mentioned, that, while the Moquis are cleanly to a degree rare among the aboriginal tribes, still they have habits that are extremely filthy.

While disgust is excited by many of the peculiarities of this people, there still remains much to commend, in the women especially, who spend a good part of their time in washing themselves and combing their hair, thus keeping their persons extremely tidy. Their mode of bathing is worth notice. The women bring water for drinking and culinary purposes in large earthen pots or jugs; these they sling over their shoulders in a blanket, which is tied over the forehead. Every morning a large concourse of water-carriers go down to the pools for the day's supply. Stepping down into the pool, and wading in up to their knees, they fill their jugs; then, placing them on the bank, they return to the water, where they wash their faces and hands, and sometimes the entire body, all the time laughing and splashing round like a flock of ducks.

As the first bathers are followed by others with jugs, until fifty or a hundred families are supplied, it might naturally be supposed that the last of the water thus obtained is not very pure. Not being a Moqui, I made a point of arising and filling my canteen just before daybreak, while the pools were yet undisturbed.

The day after my supper with the chief of Mee-shong-an-avah, I visited Shee-pah-lavy, and called on the chief of that town. Here I succeeded in obtaining some fine views. In the afternoon I traded my horse, Old Joe, with the chief for five blankets and a lynx-robe; and, the day following, started for Oribay by way of Shee-mo-pay.

Shee-mo-pay is a village of two hundred and fifty inhabitants, and does not differ in its general features from Oribay. We tarried during the night with an Indian who spoke very fair Spanish; and, while seated around his hearth, I learned bits of the traditions of his race. Moqui, the oldest and best-fortified of the seven towns, was, years ago, visited by the small-pox, which carried away nearly all its people. Since then it has been called the Dead Town—Pueblo Muerto—a name that has been corrupted into Moqui Pablo. By strangers this name is given in common to all the seven cities; but, locally, each town has its own distinct name, its own chief, and an independent government.

A legend held among them indicates that, at one time, they were united under one head. It is as follows: In times long past a woman of superior beauty resided among the mountains near this place. All the men admired and paid court to her. She received the tributes of their devotion, grain, skins, etc., but gave no favors in return. Her virtue and her determination to remain secluded were equally firm. There came a drought, which threatened them with famine. In their distress the people applied to her, and she gave them corn from her stock, and the supply seemed to be endless. Her goodness was unbounded. One day, as she was lying asleep, a drop of rain fell upon her, and produced conception. A son was the issue, who became the founder of the race that built these structures. As

old crone, said to be the only direct descendant from this immaculate conception, is still living in Oribay. Great deference is paid to her, and the people unite in lauding the wonderful beauty which it is claimed she once possessed.

According to Lieutenant Emory, this tradition is also told by the Pimos Indians; and, as the Casas Grandes, or Casas Montezuma, on the Gila, bears a striking resemblance to the ruins of Arizona, and the Pimos are like the Moquis, in their villages, their customs, their characteristics and appearances, it is not altogether improbable that they are branches of one disintegrated nation.

Bidding adieu to our Spanish-American host, we started for Oribay, which place we reached on the same evening, passing on our way a wood-train, composed of a dozen women. These women are literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" they had been ten miles for their loads, which were affixed to their backs, the burden being one under which a mule might be supposed to stagger.

We took dinner with our old friend Lie, and camped at the Gardens, which we reached about nightfall.

On the 8th we arrived among our old acquaintances, the Navajoes, by whom we were cordially received. Several of them had gone on a visit to Fort Defiance, but the old chief with his young wife—who, by-the-way, is a Moquis woman—hastened to prepare us good beds, and suppers of venison and green corn.

Before retiring, we concluded, after some discussion, to vary our homeward route, and return by the trail leading to Tuba's settlement on the Moicoppee. Accordingly, we started the following morning with a guide to show us out of the cañon, and, by dint of hard climbing for two hours, reached the plateau. Thence we found good traveling for fifteen miles, when we came in sight of the Moicoppee at a place twenty miles south of the point we had crossed it on our way to the seven cities.

Luxuriant grass-lands, interspersed with beautiful cotton-woods, formed the river valley, which, after our sterile journey, was altogether delightful.

During drought the bed of this river is probably dry, but there are many living springs along its banks that would supply water for settlers. The valley through which the river runs is nothing but a wide cañon, with perpendicular walls on each side, rising to the height of fifteen hundred feet.

Following the valley down for two miles, we came suddenly among patches of corn and melons, and a little later discovered four neat little stone-houses perched on the point of a cliff, one hundred feet above the level of the valley.

An Indian came down the rocks to pilot us up, and an hour of clambering brought us to the plain, where we were immediately surrounded by Tuba and his friends, who appeared overjoyed at seeing us in their midst. Tuba, in particular, and Telashnimki, his wife, embraced us with all the warmth which a fond father might have manifested toward a returning prodigal.

They had been expecting Jacob Hamblin all summer, and were surprised as well as

pleased at our coming. When we told them that we were from Kanab, Telashnimki burst into tears, and inquired with the utmost concern after the health of every one she had known there.

These simple and single-hearted people have seen just enough of civilization to make them long for more of its blessings.

For supper, our kindly entertainers set before us melons, several kinds of vegetables, and nice white bread made from wheat of their own raising. Never shall I forget the pride and pleasure irradiating the face of Telashnimki, as she placed before us this "white man's bread," the crowning triumph of the feast.

These Indians grind their corn and wheat in mills composed of troughs of flat rock. These troughs have three compartments, with three flat stones or graters, the first turning the flour out coarse, the second a degree finer, and the third extra fine. The grain is passed through these separate compartments successively, until it is as fine and white as the most X-cellent of the Eastern mills.

Tuba's settlement comprises six families, two of them being from Moqui, and the other four from Oribay. They seem determined to build unto themselves a colony upon the most approved plan of civilization, and the Mormons have promised to send them teachers, and otherwise assist them in carrying out their scheme.

Several days we spent among them, occupying the time chiefly in making pictures, and becoming each day more interested in a race at once so intelligent, so palpably a link reaching down from America's unresurrected archaeology, and so utterly unknown and neglected.

On leaving the new settlement, Tuba volunteered to guide us over the ridge, and put us on the course which, coming out at the Thousand Wells, would save us fully twenty miles of travel. Having reached this point, we bade adieu to the friendly Indian, and again pursued our lonely way over a weary waste of sand-rock and limestone boulders. There being no perceptible trail to guide us, we were frequently obliged to retrace our steps in order to get around huge and often strangely-carved piles of rocks, toward which we had journeyed, and through which there was no passage.

About sundown of the first day, and just as we were thinking of making a dry camp, we came upon a beautiful pool of water in the rocks, about which was a short, stubborn growth of bunch-grass. This was a god-send to us, and to our animals, for traveling all day through the sand had made us parched and thirsty beyond expression.

Two or three miles distant we found, on the following day, a fertile valley watered by several springs, where was a young Navajo Indian herding sheep. His wife, a young and comely Oribay woman, was seated on the grass at his side weaving an exquisitely-colored blanket, and all about them their little naked children were frolicking like so many yellow kittens. Altogether it was about as pretty a picture of domestic felicity as a man could expect or wish to see upon the plains.

The Navajoes and Moquis seem to be on

friendly terms with each other, and inter-marriages are not unfrequent among them. They also have partnerships in business, as we discovered: this flock of sheep, numbering five hundred, was in part the property of Tuba and his friends, the young Navajo shepherd being only a part-owner of the stock.

On the afternoon of the 14th of September we arrived at Willow Spring, our old camping-ground, thirty miles distant from the sheep-farm, and the next morning we once more looked upon the waters of the Colorado.

After waving my handkerchief and firing my revolver several times, I succeeded in attracting the attention of Lee's son, who came down to the water's edge upon the opposite bank and stated that the high water during our absence had carried away the boat. This was indeed delightful news. Wary, nearly out of provision, a furious river rolling between us and a settlement one hundred miles away, animals quite exhausted, and the boat gone!

It was evident that one of us must swim the river to construct a raft on the other side, where tools and logs abounded; and this was Hobson's choice, for, Carleton being subject to cramps, dared not venture into the water.

Accordingly, I tied a bundle of wood together, and, after considerable hard paddling, managed to gain the opposite shore. The river was four feet higher than when we had last crossed it, and the current was proportionately swifter. There was, however, no alternative to the plan we had determined on; and so, borrowing of Mrs. Lee an old saw and an axe, both of which looked as if graduated from a stone-quarry, and kept for the good service they had done, I set to work at raft-building.

Lee, I learned, was out at the settlement, having, with his usual providence, left his family nothing to eat but melons and green corn. However much fault I was disposed to find with the proprietor of the ranch for leaving it thus poorly provisioned, I was not prepared to quarrel with vegetarianism with an empty stomach, and gladly accepted Mrs. Lee's invitation to dine and rest an hour or two. This respite from toil was a necessity; for, having had to "back" the logs half a mile, I was really exhausted. I extended the rest until daylight of the following morning, when I felt to my task with a will, and by ten o'clock had my craft ready for launching. It consisted of six logs, one foot in diameter, fastened together by ropes and wooden pins. In order that the baggage should not be wetted, I placed another layer of smaller logs atop, thus making an "upper deck," or "first-class cabin." I was now prepared to cross, except that, to prevent myself being carried down-stream, I must have oars. These I improvised by cutting two poles three feet long, and fastening one to each side. As ship-builder and navigator I am proud to declare myself upon that occasion a success. Not only did I succeed in getting over, but I made a direct crossing; and we experienced little difficulty in ferrying our articles across until we came to the mules. They actually refused to make the passage upon the raft,

and we were obliged to force them into the water, one at a time, and tow them over with long ropes.

We camped that night near Mrs. Lee's cabin, and the next morning bade her goodbye. She—good soul—dividing her last flour and coffee with us, which was about enough for one meal. We now pushed ahead for the settlement, and nine o'clock the following day reached Jacob's Pool, where we found Miss Maria Lee and one little brother seven years old. They had been living for three weeks on cheese and milk, and were just upon the point of starting for "Emmas" "for a change," Maria said, "from milk to

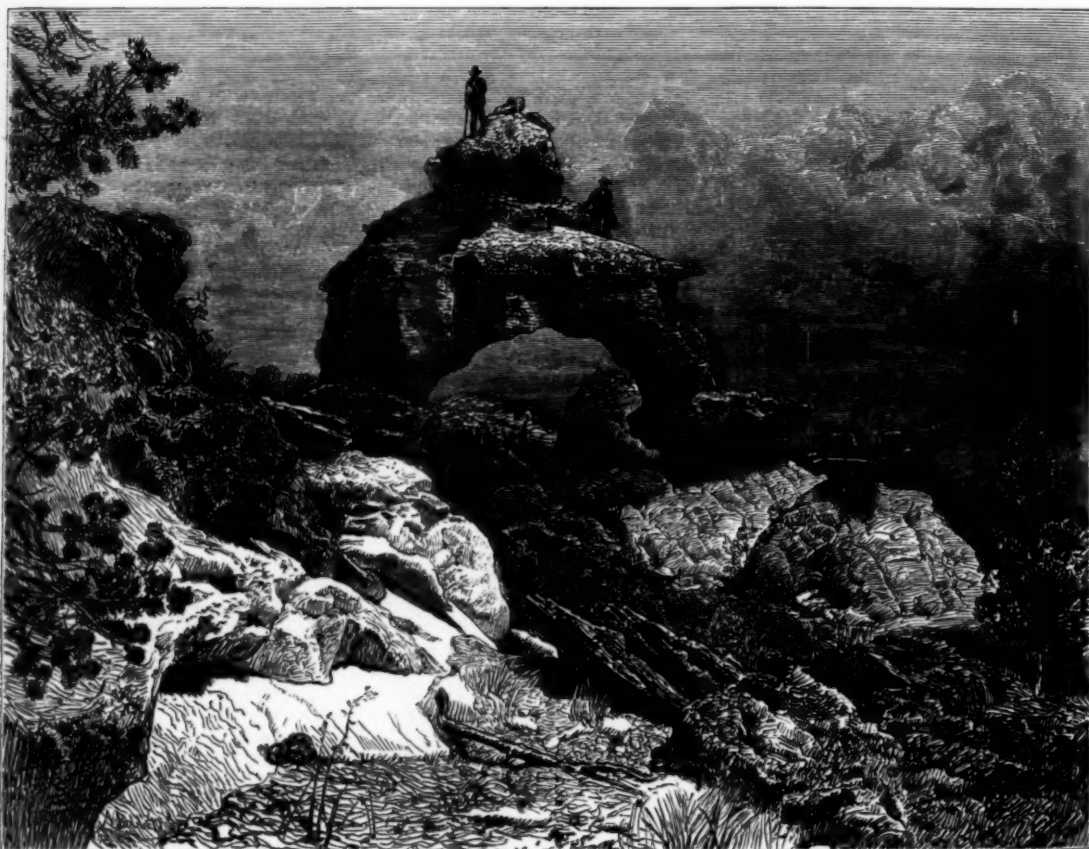
us to where wagons—springless and uncouth, but to us a luxury—might be indulged in.

At Johnson's ranch, which we reached on the 19th of September, after losing our way for several hours in one of the worst of the Buckskin cañons, we found William Johnson, on the eve of starting for Salt-Lake City. We also learned that Major Powell and party had returned to Kanab a few days previous, having run the river as far as the mouth of Kanab Cañon. The coldness of the weather and the lateness of the season prevented their pursuing the adventure further, but this was little disappointment to the expedition, for, so far as the exploration

present in season for this ante-past fair; and I was not at all sorry that there was an excuse for not tarrying by the way.

On this return-trip, we did not go by the way of Lorqueville, but down the Severe River, which heads near Kanab, and runs nearly due north for about two hundred miles; then, turning to the south, it runs about one hundred and fifty miles farther, where it disappears in a small lake, which has no perceptible outlet.

In passing through one of the Severe cañons, we forded the river twenty times in going three miles. "Fording the river end-wise," the natives call it. At Mary's Vale—



CARVED ROCK, UTAH.

corn." They were looking quite as anxiously as the mother for the advent of the "old gent."

We camped at evening at House-Rock Spring, near the Buckskin Mountains, and forty miles from Kanab. This, it will be remembered, was one of the old camping-grounds of the expedition, and was the place where we first left the river on our way to Kanab the preceding fall. After months of wandering among deserts of rock and deserts of sand in the great American Sahara, we once more quaffed delicious water from this famous spring, and were quickened with the hope that one more day of travel would bring

of the Colorado is concerned, its work was virtually accomplished in reaching this point.

On the morning of the 24th, I started for Salt Lake, in company with several Mormons, who were going to Zion to attend the semi-annual conference, and, on the 4th of October, after a hard journey of ten days, we reached that city.

To the delight of my traveling companions, we were in ample time to attend, not only the conference, but also the fair, which was then holding.

The speed with which we had accomplished the trip of four hundred miles was greatly due to the anxiety of my companions to be

a beautiful little town long since deserted by the Mormons on account of the Indians, we were informed by the mail-carrier that the Red-Lake Utes had killed two men the day before at the mouth of a cañon, some thirty miles down the river. On account of this intelligence we halted two days, until our cavalcade was strengthened by ten more wagons, our party now numbering forty well-armed men. We saw no Indians, however, and I, thinking of the night after night Carleton and I had slept soundly in the heart of the Indian country, with no guard but the ever-wakeful stars, could not help a little quiet laughing in my sleeves as I saw the



valorous saints post their sentinels at early nightfall.

Before leaving the Severe Valley, we passed several towns that had been deserted by the inhabitants in times of Indian raids. At Nephi, a town of about two thousand inhabitants, we again struck the Southern Utah road, leading from Salt Lake to Piocho-Nevada. The aspect of the country was here so abruptly changed, that it seemed like stepping from the heart of a wilderness into the confines of civilization.

This whole valley is being rapidly settled by the Mormons, and railroad work is progressing toward a speedy opening up of that whole section.

[THE END.]

## PARISIAN THIEVES AND THIEVING.

A PROLIFIC subject, truly, and one which, if treated thoroughly in all its branches, would better fill a volume than shrink to the modest dimensions of a short article. But I purpose merely to touch on some of the odd and original modes of stealing as practised by the light-fingered fraternity of Paris, and will not attempt to sound the depths of this particular crime, which is, unfortunately, not confined to any one country, but counts its practitioners and its victims in every clime of the civilized globe. But the French are adepts at a certain histrionic style of theft, in which the universal dramatic talent of the nation comes into play, and against which it is extremely difficult to guard. They will get up a neat little comedy, with costumes and *mise en scene* of the most elaborate description, and, after playing the leading *role* therein, they will walk off with some coveted prize from under the deluded eyes of its possessor, who finds out too late the meaning and intent of the little drama, and the real profession of the parties who appeared therein. This style of stealing may be called the dramatic theft. Then there is the audacious theft, where a bold robber will appropriate some article in such daring fashion that suspicion is lulled by his very audacity. One could, indeed, give as many specimens of different varieties of Parisian stealing as Touchstone did of lies, including that most unpleasant but universal one—the theft indirect—from which American travelers most frequently suffer. Such charges as twenty cents for candles, and two dollars for a small basket of wood, in the hotels, are nothing more than legalized and accepted swindling—dishonesty in the truest acceptation of the word. But let us turn from such every-day occurrences, and seek to note down something more out of the common run, and more amusing.

I once chanced to be in Paris during an unusually unpleasant spring. The weather was very disagreeable, being damp, changeable, and showery, and weeks passed during which there was not one day of unclouded sunshine, nor yet one of continuous rain, but each day was varied by several heavy showers, alternating with glimpses of blue sky

and bright weather. During this unpleasant state of the atmosphere a merchant of second-hand umbrellas made his appearance on the Boulevard des Italiens, and drove a thriving trade, as his merchandise was not only good but cheap, his price for a good, stout silk umbrella, nearly new, being from three to five francs. Subsequent revelations proved that his stock in trade was supplied in the following manner: During one of the sunshiny intervals between the showers, his confederate, an elegantly-dressed and handsome woman, would enter one of the principal shops on the boulevards, or the Rue de la Paix, would examine many articles, make an extensive selection, and then order her purchases to be sent, with the bill, to her address, which was always on one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris. By the time all arrangements were concluded, the rain would be falling in torrents, and the lady, with many apologies and a glance at her dainty toilet, would borrow an umbrella with the understanding that it was to be sent back by the messenger who was to take home madame's purchases and receive payment therefor. But the fair customer never was to be found at the given address, and, as a matter of course, the umbrella never was seen again by its rightful owner. Unfortunately for the success of the trade in second-hand umbrellas, the merchant on the boulevards once offered a gentleman his own umbrella for sale; and by this little *contre-temps* the trick was exposed, and the intervention of the police put a stop to the operations of the firm. There was certainly no little acuteness displayed by the pair in making such skillful use of the peculiar state of the weather.

Somewhat similar in conception, though differing in execution, was a trick which was practised with great success one winter at the leading restaurants of Paris. During the busiest part of the gay season, when all those establishments are in the habit of engaging extra waiters, a neatly-dressed, intelligent-looking young man would present himself at the bureau of one of them as an applicant for a situation, which he generally succeeded in obtaining. After performing his duties for some days in the most exemplary manner, he would contrive, one day at dinner-time, to spill a portion of rich soup or sauce on the shoulders of some well-dressed gentleman, who would of course be very indignant, and swear loudly at the careless servant. He, on his part, would be overwhelmed with confusion, and profuse in apologies. "But fortunately he could have the injury repaired. He (the waiter) had a brother living in the neighborhood—just round the corner, in fact, who was a dyer and scourer by profession. If monsieur would only intrust the soiled coat to his care for a few moments, he would engage to bring it back with every trace of grease entirely removed!" The pacified epicure would divest himself of the desecrated garment, replacing it by his overcoat, and would sit down to finish his dinner, while waiter and coat disappeared together, and were like the days of youth in this, that they returned no more. The thief would in this way gain possession not only of the coat, but in most instances of such additional booty as

gloves, handkerchiefs, a pocketbook, or a well-filled cigar-case. This little game was carried on successfully by its inventor for some time; but one day, while he was in attendance at a grand dinner given at the Café Brebant, he was recognized and denounced by one of his former victims, and his career was brought to an abrupt and inglorious conclusion by the stern interference of the law.

Such petty thefts are, however, but trifles, no matter how ingenious the plans and contrivances by which they are carried out. Not so was the great jewel robbery, by which M. Foulon, of the Palais Royal, was deprived of one of the glories of his show-case. During my rambles through the gay arcades of that much-frequented place of resort, I often paused to admire the beauty and lustre of a magnificent necklace which was exhibited in the window of M. Foulon's shop. It was formed of a row of large, square emeralds set in diamonds, and connected by diamond links, while from each square hung a pendent pear-shaped emerald cut *en cabochon*—that is, without facets, the price of the ornament being, if I recollect rightly, forty thousand francs. It attracted considerable attention from the promenaders and *fâneurs* who frequent the Palais Royal; but one day it was gone from its accustomed place, and I learned from the police reports the reason and manner of its disappearance.

Among its most ardent admirers was a fine-looking old gentleman, whose tall, erect figure, soldierly bearing, snowy mustache, and red-ribboned button-hole, all went to make up a perfect picture of an *ancien militaire*. After contemplating the necklace for some days through the plate-glass panes, he one morning entered the shop and requested the proprietor to permit him to examine the dazzling ornament more closely, as he had some thoughts of purchasing it. "His name," he said, "was Z—, General Z—. His only daughter was about to be married to a Russian nobleman, and he was desirous of selecting something very superb as a wedding present for her." The necklace was accordingly taken from the window and placed before the general, who admired it, inspected it closely, and priced it; but he finally departed without deciding to take it, the price being, as he said, a little beyond what he wished to pay. But in a few days he called and requested to be allowed to look at it again, remarking, at the same time, that he had met with nothing that suited his ideas so well. Again was the necklace produced, again inspected, and again replaced in the window, the general promising to call again, and being still unable to decide upon making so costly a purchase. He came on several occasions after that to admire the necklace, and to examine it closely in every part, still being apparently unwilling to pay the large sum demanded for it; but treated by the jeweler with every courtesy, the hope of disposing of so costly a trinket proving a sufficient incentive to politeness on his part.

Late one evening, about a fortnight after the day on which the general had first desired to inspect the necklace, he entered the shop and announced his determination of taking it,

and paying for it at once. His pocket-book was produced, forty bank-notes of a thousand francs each were counted out and carefully scrutinized by the wary jeweler, the costly trinket, in its velvet-lined case, was placed in the hands of its new possessor, and deposited by him in an inner pocket of his coat, and the general turned to leave the shop. Arrived at the threshold, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. "Idiot that I am!" he cried; "I forgot that I had urgent need of that forty thousand francs this very night. A friend in difficulties—a debt of honor—monsieur, I will say no more; but will you not oblige me by returning to me the money I have just paid, and by keeping the necklace for me till noon to-morrow?" The courteous jeweler consented; the forty thousand francs were refunded; the case containing the necklace was replaced upon the counter; the case was opened, and the trinket glanced at as a mere matter of form, and then was laid away in the fireproof safe. The general then took his departure with a profusion of thanks, and assurances that he would certainly call to pay for and take possession of the necklace at noon on the morrow. The next day came, and noon, afternoon, and night, succeeded each other; another day followed, but the general still failed to make his appearance. The jeweler began to suspect that something was wrong; yet how could that be while the necklace still remained in his possession? A close inspection of the trinket confirmed his worst apprehensions. Something was wrong—terribly wrong; horribly and unrightably wrong; for the necklace in his possession was only a cleverly-executed copy in imitation stones of the original ornament! The pretended general must have had the case containing the counterfeit necklace in his pocket when the real one was handed to him; and, when he returned it to the jeweler, it was an easy matter to substitute one case for another. The transaction having taken place at night, the imitation necklace looked, under the gas-light, sufficiently like the original to defy detection, unless it were very closely examined. The many visits of inspection paid to the shop beforehand were doubtless undertaken by the thief for the purpose of becoming sufficiently familiar with the gems and general design of the coveted ornament to enable him to execute a perfectly accurate copy. A rather singular phase of the affair is the fact that the thief was able to obtain, for some hours at least, so large a sum as forty thousand francs, for the bank-bills which he tendered to the jeweler appear to have been undoubtedly genuine; and it is an amusing object of speculation as to what he would have done had M. Foulin refused to accommodate him by taking back the necklace and returning the money.

A minor theft, which combined in a singularly perfect degree a trifling result with a decided sacrilege, was lately perpetrated at the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. A respectable-looking female, attired in deep mourning garments, and wrapped in a long, black cloak, made her appearance for several consecutive days in that well-known graveyard, and was accustomed to go from one grave to another, kneeling beside them and bending over them,

apparently absorbed in prayer and pious meditations. The custodians of the cemetery paid no attention to her movements for some time; but, at last, it was noticed that the graves by which she knelt always appeared totally denuded of wreaths and crosses after she had quitted them. She was accordingly arrested, and under her ample cloak were found a number of the jet-head crowns and crosses wherewith it is the custom of French families to decorate the tombs of their recently-deceased relatives. On being taken before the commissary of the police, she confessed to having stolen a large number of these mortuary ornaments, her object being to obtain jet beads enough to trim a new spring dress, as jet is, at the present moment, the most fashionable of all trimmings. Thus is it to be seen that not even the grave is sacred against the intrusion of feminine vanity and love of dress.

The handsome clocks which decorate nearly every room in a French apartment are often the mark for Parisian thieves, and two robberies of this nature took place in this city recently, the first of which deserves mention simply for its successful audacity. During one of the *entr'actes* at the performance of the "Two Orphans" at the Porte St.-Martin Théâtre, a few evenings ago, and while the spacious and elegant foyer was crowded with promenaders, a man, with a green-baize bag under his arm, made his way through the throng, reached the mantel-piece, and removed therefrom the massive bronze clock, which he carefully enveloped with the baize, and then departed, while the crowd respectfully made way for him, imagining, of course, that he was taking the clock away to be repaired. The other instance was absolutely ludicrous in its details. A Madame Devin, a widow lady of a certain age, was promenading one morning in the Luxembourg Garden, and there met a lady friend whom she had not seen for some time; in fact, not since she herself had made a change of domicile. Madame Devin gave her friend her new address, No. 33 Rue Monge, without noticing a showily-dressed man, who was listening attentively to the conversation. She arrived home a few minutes later, and had barely laid aside her bonnet and shawl, when the listener of the Luxembourg Garden entered her parlor.

"Madame," said he, "here is a little note-book which you dropped, and which I have taken the liberty of bringing to you."

"But, sir, I lost no note-book."

The intruder flung his arms into the air, and raised his eyes to heaven.

"I knew it!" he cried.

"Then what brings you here?" asked the lady, who was beginning to get frightened.

"If you knew—if you could but guess how madly I love you!"

"Help!" shrieked Mme. Devin.

"O angel—angel—angel!" continued the unknown, still more wildly.

"But I am fifty-five years old," exclaimed Mme. Devin, half beside herself with terror.

"What does that matter? Nothing! I love you, angel—I love you!"

Here he made a dash at her with his arms extended. Mme. Devin darted into the next room, and closed and bolted the door. Her

unknown adorer did not attempt to follow her, but, seizing the clock, which happened to be new and very handsome, he cried, in a tone of injured innocence:

"Fear nothing, madame. I go, and I will tell the servants that I am the clock-maker, so that your reputation may not suffer."

Whereupon he departed, leaving poor Mme. Devin half dead with fright, and *minus* the chief ornament of her little parlor.

As a set-off to these tales of audacious and nefarious robbery, I will here relate a story, which was told me by a distinguished physician, and in which one of his friends in his own profession was the actor—a story of a theft undertaken in the cause of science and humanity, and justifiable, if ever such deeds truly are so. The young doctor was called in to attend an elderly lady, who was suffering from a curious and complicated form of heart-disease, which baffled all attempts at investigation or relief. After a lingering illness she died, and the doctor, whose professional interest and curiosity had been excited to the highest point by the novel and mysterious features of the case, requested permission to make an examination of the body. His request was at once refused, and, on his becoming importunate, he was given to understand that, not only would the family of the deceased never consent to such a thing, but he was significantly assured that every possible precaution would be taken to guard against the possibility of the disinterment of the remains. The physician was, however, not only an ardent devotee of his profession, but a man of unconquerable tenacity of purpose as well. Having ascertained in what room the corpse was laid out, he provided himself with burglarious as well as surgical implements, and one dark night he scaled the wall, forced open a window of the room wherein the body lay, made the wished-for examination and departed, bearing with him the diseased organ, the singular motions of which during life had defied his investigations and excited his curiosity. Of course the deed was discovered, but the perpetrator was never brought to justice, owing, possibly, to the difficulty of identifying the stolen article, as nobody had ever seen it before. The culprit did not escape unpunished, however, for, having in his haste slightly scratched his hand with his dissecting-knife, a long and serious illness ensued, which nearly cost him his life. But such an incident as the above belongs rather to the annals of medical enthusiasm and self-devotion, than to the records of ordinary or even extraordinary thieving.

I think I have now recorded a sufficient number of incidents to prove that the thieves of Paris have a method of proceeding quite *sui generis*, and there is no need to multiply examples. Nor do I think that dishonesty is the national vice of the French people—that is to say, the open form of dishonesty that lies in the abstraction of money or portable articles. French servants, as a rule, are honest in small matters, and in an hotel, for example, one can leave about pins, pomatum, perfumes, etc., without fearing that they will rapidly and mysteriously vanish, after the fashion that is prevalent where Biddy reigns

supreme. They will cheat you if they can get a chance—cheat you, not only out of your eyes, but out of your eyelids and eyebrows as well, but that they seem to consider as a legitimate exercise of their well-sharpened wits against the faculties of unwary and unsuspicious travelers. The coachman, who will move heaven and earth to obtain from you an unlawful addition of a half-franc to the legal fare, will return the umbrella or purse, which may have been mislaid in his vehicle; and the waiter, who does not hesitate to overcharge you for any article you may commission him to buy for you, will not lay a finger on your personal belongings. The fear of the police probably has much to do with this system of open honesty and covert dishonesty. One thing is certain: the French are wholly and thoroughly untrustworthy in their dealings, unless the dread shadow of the police looms in the background of every transaction. Verbal agreements are no more binding than ropes of sand, and every thing must be reduced to writing, after a fashion that is intolerable to American ideas. And one instance of the underhand style of robbery will suffice as a specimen: When a lodger engages furnished apartments in Paris, he pays, of course, an extra sum for the use of the furniture, and an inexperienced person naturally understands that this sum includes the ordinary wear and tear of daily use. Not at all. At the expiration of the term for which he leased the rooms, and when he is about to quit them, a so-called furniture expert is sent for by the proprietors, who, with magnifying-glass to his eye, proceeds to spy out every scratch on the furniture, every spot on the carpet, every dent in the walls, each and all of which are to be paid for, and lucky is the *locataire* who gets off with a bill of two or three hundred francs, the charges sometimes amounting to over a thousand. Of course, the same spots and scratches are paid for over and over again by different sets of lodgers, and it has been estimated that a set of furniture can be made to pay for itself in this manner in less than two years. I have heard of a hole in an under-mattress, which was paid for by three different sets of people, who happened one day to compare notes about their experience with landlords, and so discovered the cheating of which they had been made victims.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

### GAUVAIN AND CIMOURDAIN IN THE DUNGEON.

CIMOURDAIN seated himself on the straw beside Gauvain, and said:

"I have come to sup with thee."

Gauvain broke the black bread and handed it to him. Cimourdain took a morsel; then Gauvain offered the jug of water.

"Drink first," said Cimourdain.

Gauvain drank and passed the jug to his companion, who drank after him. Gauvain had only swallowed a mouthful. Cimourdain drank great draughts.

During this supper, Gauvain ate and Cimourdain drank; a sign of the calmness of

the one, and of the fever which consumed the other.

A serenity so strange that it was terrible reigned in this dungeon. The two men conversed. Gauvain said:

"Grand events are sketching themselves. What the Revolution does at this moment is mysterious. Behind the visible work stands the invisible. One conceals the other. The visible work is savage, the invisible sublime. In this instant I perceive all very clearly. It is strange and beautiful. It has been necessary to make use of the materials of the Past. Hence this marvelous '93. Beneath a scaffolding of barbarism, a temple of civilization is building."

"Yes," replied Cimourdain. "From this provisional will rise the definitive. The definitive—that is to say, right and duty—are parallel; taxes proportional and progressive; military service obligatory; a leveling without deviation; and, above the whole, making part of all, that straight line, the law. The republic is the absolute."

"I prefer," said Gauvain, "the ideal republic."

He paused for an instant, then continued: "O my master! in all which you have just said, where do you place devotion, sacrifice, abnegation, the sweet interlacing of kindnesses, love? To set all in equilibrium it is well; to put all in harmony is better. Above the balance is the lyre. Your republic weighs, measures, regulates man; mine lifts him into the open sky; it is the difference between a theorem and an eagle."

"You lose yourself in the clouds."

"And you in calculation."

"Harmony is full of dreams."

"There are such, too, in algebra."

"I would have man made by the rules of Euclid."

"And I," said Gauvain, "would like him better as pictured by Homer."

Cimourdain's severe smile remained fixed upon Gauvain, as if to hold that soul steady.

"Poesy! Mistrust poets."

"Yes, I know that saying. Mistrust the zephyrs, mistrust the sunshine, mistrust the sweet odors of spring, mistrust the flowers, mistrust the stars!"

"None of these things can feed man."

"How do you know? Thought is nourishment. To think is to eat."

"No abstractions! The republic is the law of two and two make four. When I have given to each the share which belongs to him—"

"It still remains to give the share which does not belong to him."

"What do you understand by that?"

"I understand the immense reciprocal concession which each owes to all, and which all owe to each, and which is the whole of social life."

"Beyond the strict law there is nothing."

"There is every thing."

"I only see justice."

"And I—I look higher."

"What can there be above justice?"

"Equity."

At certain instants they paused as if lightning-flashes suddenly chilled them.

Cimourdain resumed: "Particularize; I defy you."

"So be it. You wish military service made obligatory. Against whom? Against other men. I—I would have no military service. I want peace. You wish the wretched succored; I wish an end put to suffering. You want proportional taxes; I wish no tax whatever. I wish the general expense reduced to its most simple expression, and paid by the social surplus."

"What do you understand by that?"

"This: first suppose parasitisms—the parasitisms of the priest, the judge, the soldier. After that, turn your riches to account.

You fling manure into the sewer; cast it into the furrow. Three parts of the soil are waste land; clear up France; suppress useless pasture-grounds; divide the communal lands. Let each man have a farm, and each farm a man. You will increase a hundred-fold the social product. "At this moment France only gives her peasants meat four days in the year; well cultivated, she would nourish three hundred millions of men—all Europe. Utilize Nature, that immense auxiliary so disdained. Make every wind toil for you, every waterfall, every magnetic effluence. The globe has a subterranean network of veins; there is in this net-work a prodigious circulation of water, oil, fire. Pierce those veins; make this water feed your fountains, this oil your lamps, this fire your hearths. Reflect upon the movements of the waves, their flux and reflux, the ebb and flow of the tides. What is the ocean? An enormous power allowed to waste. How stupid is earth not to make use of the sea!"

"There you are in the full tide of dreams."

"That is to say, of full reality."

Gauvain added:

"And woman? what will you do with her?"

Cimourdain replied:

"Leave her where she is—the servant of man."

"Yes. On one condition."

"What?"

"That man shall be the servant of woman."

"Can you think of it?" cried Cimourdain.

"Man a servant? Never! Man is master. I admit only one royalty—that of the fireside Man in his house is king!"

"Yes. On one condition."

"What?"

"That woman shall be queen there."

"That is to say, you wish man and woman—"

"Equality."

"Equality! Can you dream of it? The two creatures are different."

"I said equality; I did not say identity."

There was another pause, like a sort of truce between two spirits flinging lightnings. Cimourdain broke the silence:

"And the offspring? To whom do you consign them?"

"First, to the father who engenders, then to the mother who gives birth, then to the master who rears, then to the city that civilizes, then to the country which is the mother supreme, then to humanity, who is the great ancestor."

"You do not speak of God?"

"Each of those degrees—father, mother, master, city, country, humanity—is one of the rungs in the ladder which leads to God."

Cimourdain was silent.

Gauvain continued:

"When one is at the top of the ladder, one has reached God. Heaven opens—one has only to enter."

Cimourdain made a gesture like a man calling another back.

"Gauvain, return to earth. We wish to realize the possible."

"Do not commence by rendering it impossible."

"The possible always realizes itself."

"Not always. If one treats Utopia harshly, one slays it. Nothing is more defenseless than the egg."

"Still, it is necessary to seize Utopia, to put the yoke of the real upon it, to frame it in the actual. The abstract idea must transform itself into the concrete; what it loses in beauty, it will gain in usefulness; it is lessened, but made better. Right must enter into law, and, when right makes itself law, it becomes absolute. That is what I call the possible."

"The possible is more than that."

"Ah! there you are in dream-land again!"



"The possible is a mysterious bird, always soaring above man's head."

"It must be caught."

"Living."

Gauvain continued:

"This is my thought: Constant progression. If God had meant man to retrograde, He would have placed an eye in the back of his head. Let us look always toward the dawn, the blossoming, the birth; that which falls encourages that which mounts. The cracking of the old tree is an appeal to the new. Each century must do its work; to-day civic, to-morrow human. To-day, the question of right; to-morrow, the question of salary. Salary and right—the same word at bottom. Man does not live to be paid nothing. In giving life, God contracts a debt. Right is the payment inborn; payment is right acquired."

Gauvain spoke with the earnestness of a prophet. Cimourdain listened. Their rôles were changed; now it seemed the pupil who was master.

Cimourdain murmured:

"You go rapidly."

"Perhaps because I am a little pressed for time," said Gauvain, smiling. And he added, "O my master! behold the difference between our two Utopias. You wish the garrison obligatory, I the school. You dream of man, the soldier; I dream of man, the citizen. You want him terrible; I want him a thinker. You found a republic upon swords; I found—"

He interrupted himself, "I would found a republic of intellects."—From Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three."

#### ANIMALS IN THE ROMAN ARENA.

(Translated from the French for the JOURNAL.)

THE capitals and the large cities of Europe count among the number of their most interesting establishments their zoological gardens, menageries, where they unite, not without great trouble and expense, a few dozen quadrupeds, a small collection of birds, of reptiles, and of fishes. The museums of Paris, London, Berlin, etc., are very well satisfied if they contain three or four lions, as many tigers, a dozen or so of leopards, jaguars, and panthers, one or two hippopotami, as many elephants, a rhinoceros, a giraffe, and so on.

But the richest collection of animals in Europe would appear pitifully shabby if we could, with a flourish of the magician's wand, conjure again into existence one of those gigantic collections of animals which so often served to entertain the Roman people during the last years of the republic, and under the emperors. These exhibitions were certainly any thing but instructive, and one would be far from counseling any modern government to attempt an imitation of them. Such an attempt, however, would be only an attempt, for the forests and deserts have been to such an extent depopulated of their savage inhabitants that it would now be impossible to collect a sufficient number of large animals to reproduce, even on a small scale, one of those prodigious spectacles which were the delight of the ancient Roman.

The first exhibitions of this character given at Rome were the hunts (*venationes*)—more properly, massacres in a sort of tilt-yard.

The law-makers of Rome were of opinion that it was desirable to develop among the people a martial spirit, and that this end could be attained in no other way so well as accustoming them to the sight of blood; and this was the reason why they, in imitation of the Etruscans, began to celebrate the obsequies of illustrious persons by forcing their prisoners or their slaves to kill one another

around the funeral-pile. This was the origin of the gladiatorial contests, which were inaugurated at the death of Junius Brutus, first consul of the republic, in the year 264 B. C.

Later, the magistrates, and the candidates for the magistracy of the republic, ambitious to achieve popularity, vied with one another in their endeavors to vary these bloody spectacles, and to increase their magnificence. To this end they built those gigantic circuses and amphitheatres, whose ruins still attest their ostentatious prodigality. And then they exacted a tribute, such as it was, from the four quarters of the earth, in order to fittingly amuse the masters of the world. This led to the custom of turning wild animals into the arena, to make them contend against one another or against men.

The first *venatio* of which the historians make mention took place in the year 251 B. C. Metellus had taken from the Carthaginians, in Sicily, one hundred and twenty elephants. The senate, to show how little these animals were to be feared, had them first belabored with cudgels and then killed in the circus. This spectacle gave the populace a taste for this kind of diversion. Fortunately (?), the conquests of the republic soon enabled the generals and proconsuls to lay Europe, Asia, and Africa, under contribution; and, toward the end of the sixth century, after the foundation of Rome, troops of animals arrived in Italy from every direction—lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, lynxes, elephants, giraffes, gazelles, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, crocodiles, bears, bisons, etc., etc. Then, from time to time, on extraordinary occasions, the people were treated to a grand conflict between some hundreds of animals of various species, that were turned into the arena together.

At other times, the animals were pitted against men called beast-fighters—i. e., men who followed beast-fighting for a living. They were distinct from the gladiators, and had a lower place in the social scale. But, in time, these men abandoned a calling which was so dangerous, and it became necessary to supply their places with criminals or prisoners of war. Under the emperors, substitutes were also taken from among the Christians. This was a veritable windfall for the populace, who, we are told, delighted in nothing so much as seeing the defenseless adherents of the new religion, men and women, torn limb from limb by wild beasts. Hardly less were the people edified to see the nobles, the senators, and even the emperor himself, "the divine" Commodus, descend into the arena, and engage in mortal combat with the fiercest animals. Commodus, if we can believe the historians of those times, was unsurpassed in such exercises. Having the figure and vigor of an athlete, he gave to himself the surname of Hercules and was desirous to justify the appellation by imitating the feats of the demi-god—that is, by exterminating a certain number of beasts of prey, which surely were not so dangerous as was he.

Probus, another of the emperors, conceived the idea of giving the people the privilege of taking an active part in the sports of the amphitheatre. He caused the arena to be transformed into a forest, into which he loosed, the first time, one thousand deer, as many wild-hogs, and as many ostriches. Then the gates were opened, and as many amateurs entered as chose, who killed and carried off what and as much as they pleased. Another day, instead of this comparatively inoffensive game, Probus presented the people with one hundred lions, one hundred leopards, one hundred panthers, and three hundred bears. But this time the festivities had a tragic termination. A goodly number of the hunters were attacked and torn to pieces, while several of the animals escaped from the stadium, and caused a fearful panic among the spectators, which cost the lives

of several. Finally all the animals were killed; "but the *file* was," says an historian, "grand rather than agreeable."

The consumption of animals at Rome, in providing for the amusement of the good people, from the end of the republic to the fall of the empire, surpassed the conception of the liveliest imagination. Let us try, nevertheless, to get an approximative idea.

In the 567th year of Rome—186 years B. C.—Marcus Fulvius for the first time introduced lions and panthers into the arena—the number is not stated. Eighteen years later, the ediles supplied for a popular *file* sixty-three leopards and panthers, forty bears, and several elephants. Sylla exhibited one hundred lions. In the year 693 of Rome, Domitius Aenobarbus gave an exhibition, which consisted of the killing of one hundred bears by negroes. Three years later Scaurus presented the people with four hundred and fifty leopards. The first hippopotamus that appeared in the arena, with one hundred crocodiles, was a present by this same Scaurus. At Pompey's expense, six hundred lions, four hundred and ten panthers, and about a score of elephants, were slain. Cæsar, the vanquisher of Pompey, in his turn, celebrated his triumph by "games" in which four hundred lions, forty elephants, and one giraffe—an animal till then unknown to the Romans—were killed. Octavius Augustus illustrated his glorious reign by a succession of butcheries, in which about thirty-five hundred animals were killed, among them being six hundred of the feline species, one rhinoceros, one hippopotamus, thirty-six crocodiles, and one serpent forty cubits—say sixty feet—long, probably a python. Germanicus, during his consulate, in the year 765 of Rome, contributed two hundred lions; Caligula, on his return from Gaul, three hundred bears and as many panthers; Nero, three hundred lions and four hundred bears. Titus inaugurated the amphitheatre which bears his name by a series of *files*, during which some five hundred beasts of prey and about four hundred graminivorous animals were killed. Trajan on one occasion gave a series of *files*, which lasted no less than one hundred and twenty-three days, and in which eleven thousand animals of different species were sacrificed. Later, one of the ediles, during his term of office, sacrificed, in round numbers, one thousand bears, one hundred lions, leopards, and panthers, three hundred ostriches, one hundred wild-bulls, one hundred and fifty wild-boars, and a great number of deer and other inoffensive animals.

After Probus these exhibitions became less and less frequent, in a measure, doubtless, on account of the increased difficulty experienced in obtaining the animals. Nevertheless, in the beginning of the sixth century of our era, Justinian, Emperor of the East, desirous to give a *file* in imitation of the ancient *venationes*, succeeded in collecting at Constantinople one hundred and twenty lions, some thirty or forty tigers and panthers, and a considerable number of animals less ferocious.

#### THEOPHILE GAUTIER ON THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

ONE day as we sat before the fire, Théophile Gautier and I, he said to me:

"You know what a sacred horror I have always had for politics. One of the things that most exasperate me, in these days, is that I am compelled to busy myself with them."

"How, you compelled to busy yourself with politics!"

"Yes, I. We are not yet out of our troubles. The transportation of the communists to the neighborhood of the antipodes, does not destroy the hopes of the fools and madmen of a future Commune. In like manner, the laudable efforts of the French and German Governments to appease the hatred engendered by the late war, are of little avail, opposed, as they are, by the fire-eaters, whose eternal theme is revenge."

"In my judgment, there are but two reasonable and practical courses for France to pursue, and between them she must choose, if she would extricate herself from her present unenviable position. The first, which is not the wisest and most prudent, but which is consonant with our vanity, and the somewhat vindictive, rancorous character of the French nation, is the one you propose in your book, 'Germany in 1871': namely, to cherish among us, as a sacred flame, a hatred for the Germans, and, while we preserve the semblance of a desire to live in peace with all the world, quietly and patiently prepare ourselves for the revenge which will be ours when we are ready to take it. What does not please me in this course is that it tends to eternize war, and that war, even the most justifiable, is always foolish and atrocious, leading mankind in a direction opposed to civilization."

"Two great nations like the Germans and the French can find something better to do, it seems to me, than to seek to destroy each other. Proficiency in the art of war is not the great end of civilization. I know full well that it is hard for us to swallow the late campaign—people, as well as individuals have their *amour-propre*; but I know also, that by obstinately seeking to be avenged, we should in any event do little less than commit national suicide."

"How so, pray?" I asked.

"Our object is not and should not be to maintain our place as the first of nations by force of arms. Above all, we should know ourselves. The specialty of France, certain fanatics to the contrary notwithstanding, is science, art, the study of the beautiful, the popularization of taste. If we are in fact the first nation of the earth; if we play in the modern world, some minor counts excepted, a rôle similar to that played by the Greeks among the ancients, it is not due to the successes we have so often achieved on the battle-field. Our proud ascendancy is due solely to our superior talents for the arts, to our ingenuity in matters of taste, to the certainty of our *coup d'œil*, thanks to which we give to every thing that our hands touch a character particularly *distingué*. It is not necessary to our well-being, that we should have the Rhine, Luxembourg, and Belgium; we can do without them in the future as well as we have done in the past. The only question which really merits our attention is this: Shall we continue, as in the past, to produce, with a few remarkable exceptions, the best writers, the greatest painters, the most learned architects, the most gifted sculptors, and the most skillful artisans? In a word, shall we retain, yes or no, the direction of things in the literary and art world, which, since the thirteenth century, has enabled us to maintain our place at the head of civilization? So long as we continue to occupy this proud position, we can get along very well without the rest—so long we shall remain the veritable kings of the earth. The world, reassured by our prudence and moderation, and knowing that we are always ready and able to resist aggression, will no longer seek to quarrel with us, and will let us pursue the even tenor of our ways in peace. Would that not be infinitely better than to squander our wealth and strength in gratifying an inhuman and morbid passion for cutting our neighbors' throats?"

Now I could not refrain from interrupting my interlocutor. "Just now," said I, "you said there were two courses for France to pursue to extricate herself from her present equivocal position, and you say nothing but of one."

"Patience!" replied Gautier. "I ought to preface what I have to say with an observation which few people seem to have made, and which nevertheless appears to me full of good sense."

"And that is—"

"This: it is by no means one of the most astonishing results of the war that it has given birth to a false patriotism, which manifests itself in a refusal to accept *les faits accomplis*. These false patriots think they evince courage and devotion to their country by always having on the end of their tongues the word *vengeance*. They would willingly sacrifice the future of France, ay, even the most cherished *souvenirs* of the past, for the pleasure of giving the least little bit of a thrashing to these sour-kroot-eaters, who have trounced us so roundly. This colossal stupidity played an important part in directing the movements of the Commune. The most commonplace common-sense ought to teach us that patriotism is not incompatible with decency, that one may be a hero without being ridiculous, and that a people may be beaten without being annihilated."

"And now I come to my second course. The greater part of the incidents that occur in the existence of nations may be compared to those which work the ruin or make the fortune of individuals. Among the infinite number of evils that afflict humanity, there are some that are remediable; the others we are compelled to accept with stoic resignation, even though they result in death."

"Again, there are certain accidents, which, although they do not endanger our existence, are nevertheless irremediable. We break an arm; it is amputated, and we are, of course, compelled to get along without it for the rest of our lives. We accept *les faits accomplis* with as good a grace as possible. It is disagreeable, very, but what can we do?—neither science, nor indignation, nor patriotism, true or false, will modify our condition."

"Very well! to my mind, France, in the late disastrous war, has lost an arm. And what is our duty? Rather than give way to despair, should we not emulate the example of the individual—wise and reasonable—who is the victim of a similar misfortune? This is no time to talk sentiment or to consult the feelings. For my part, I try to reason as I think the statesman should who accepts the delicate and painful task of our social regeneration."

"I see France bruised, mutilated, impoverished, humiliated. What should I do? Should I cruelly, stupidly try to lead her into another contest in which the chances would be decidedly in favor of her being beaten again, and consequently that she would fall still lower than she is to-day? France has lost an arm, and she must and will get along without it. Instead of the military supremacy she so long enjoyed, she must content herself with the intellectual supremacy."

"If I had assumed the arduous task of restoring our moral and material condition, without occupying myself with the form of government, this is what I would do: I would devote what remains to me of life to restoring confidence and advancing our material and intellectual prosperity. In a word, I should be less an *avenger* than a *restorer*. And, in pursuing this policy, I should feel that I was discharging a sacred duty to humanity as well as to my country."

"All this may sound very commonplace, and my policy might be accused of a lack of heroism; but heroism is something that, in my judgment, at the present moment, we

have no use for. It was an excellent thing to have when the Prussians crossed our frontier, but to-day, when we should think only of our regeneration, it would only be in the way."

"In one word, what would be of most service to us in our present condition is what we have always had least of—common-sense!"—*Souvenirs Intimes de Théophile Gautier, par Ernest Feydeau, Paris, 1874.*

#### SOME CURIOUS RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS AND USAGES IN SPAIN.

(Translated from the German for the JOURNAL.)

ONE of the most noted or rather the most notorious pilgrimages in Andalusia is the one to Moclin, a village in the "Sierra de Moclin," an exceedingly romantic neighborhood.

An immense concourse of people yearly gather here, from far and near, on the 4th of October. The people come partly in procession, led by the priests of their respective parishes, and partly under their own banners, from the numerous isolated, so-called *lartijos* farms, oases-like, situated here and there among the mountains. The processions, large and small, that journey to Moclin might be aptly called Vandal processions, for there is no mischief that their pilgrim piety does not permit them to perpetrate. Whoever has not witnessed the doings of these pilgrims, and seen their camp on Mount Moclin, can form no idea of this religious *fête*. It would be impossible to describe the gross dissoluteness that characterizes them, and yet it seeks an excuse in "holy" usages, is encouraged by the pillars of the Church, and tolerated by the government. That there is no lack of killed and wounded on these occasions we can easily believe when we reflect how ready the Spaniard is to draw his dagger on the least provocation. Indeed, as the interest in a bull-fight increases with the number of horses killed, so the interest in a pilgrimage to Moclin increases with the number of human lives it costs.

In fact, the Spanish church *sites* are generally marked by bloody excesses. Even the boys in the streets use their knives in their disputes as to whether this or that saint works most miracles and has precedence. I myself witnessed a bloody fight between two parties of boys which grew out of a dispute whether Santa Cecilia or Santa Maria Dolores was most esteemed in the city. Before the police succeeded in separating the youthful combatants, several of them were dangerously wounded.

The dissensions that arise in church matters, especially in Spain, are not unfrequently very remarkable. For example, in the well-known town of Antequera there are two images of the Saviour to which the people do homage: Christ on the hill, and Christ under the hill, and these two images have long divided the inhabitants of the town into two belligerent parties. The Christ "*el de arriba*" is in the church of the upper village, while his rival is in the church of the lower village. The contention regarding the respective preëminence of each keeps the two sections of the town in a continual feud. Time was when marriage between two young people of the hostile parties was an absolute impossibility; as a natural consequence heart-breaking, Romeo-and-Juliet scenes were not unfrequent occurrences. Of late the animosity has somewhat diminished; but even now nothing is more unpopular among the good people of Antequera than a marriage between the partisans of Christ on the hill and the partisans of Christ under the hill.

If one of the parties celebrate a *fête*, there are always a goodly number of their opponents, who can find nothing better to do than to waylay the procession, to jeer at and insult



their rivals, and not unfrequently to throw mud and stones at them. If it happens, accidentally or otherwise, that both parties celebrate on the same day, they invariably have a bloody contest for precedence, and the entire Spanish vocabulary of curses and abusive epithets—and herein the language is rich—is brought into requisition. The contest usually lasts till the one or the other of the parties is driven into its church. Then the victors end the day by a grand *fiesta*, in which the dancing and merry-making last till the following morning. Both parties, as we can imagine, are profuse in their offerings at the shrines of their respective saints; the victors out of gratitude for their victory, the vanquished that they may be victors in the next battle.

This religious feud in Antequera materially influences the elections of the neighborhood, especially the elections for representatives to the Cortes, and, according to the manner the wire-pullers manipulate the two parties, the Christus on the hill, or the Christus under the hill, espouses the cause of the Liberals, or that of their opponents, but never were the two parties known to be on the same side.

On Good Friday, in Gurriana, near Malaga, another remarkable scene may be witnessed. A woman dressed in black goes through the place crying and lamenting, and then enters twelve houses one after the other, the so-called houses of the apostles. The whole village, old and young, follow her, lamenting, and wait for her before the houses of the apostles she has to enter, and in all of which she is asked the questions:

"*Que tiene V.*" ("What is the matter?"), "*Señora Mariquita?*" and "*Quiere V. una taza chocolate?*" ("Will you have a cup of chocolate?") To which the Señora Mariquita has to answer:

"*Para chocolate, estoy yo si me han matado al hijo de mis entrañas!*" ("Chocolate for me, whose son you have killed!") And the like more. This mummy melts the bystanders to tears, and the wailing mother is overloaded with presents, which she, as a matter of course, dutifully lays on the altar of the Church.

#### MISS BROUGHTON'S HEROINES.

MISS BROUGHTON'S typical heroine is of a sort neither common nor uncommon, but, we suspect, growing more common every day, in this forcing-house of an age in which we live. It is an age of women's rights and the emancipation of a sex supposed to have been long enthralled; and freedom in one direction, entailing freedom in another, is pretty certain to encourage it most of all in the direction most desired and most easily taken. We mean, of course, the direction of love and sentiment. If women are to do pretty much as men do, it follows that they are to do pretty much what they please, instead of, as heretofore, doing pretty much what other people please. We are not going to discuss the propriety and desirableness of the change; but we are compelled to indicate and record it, and to show what must necessarily be one of the first consequences. Doubtless a select minority of women will avail themselves of their new liberty to deliver lectures, to study medicine, to follow an honorable trade, and to sit on school boards. But the vast majority will employ their time in listening to the whispers and promptings of love with an indulgence never before permitted them, while a certain number will not be too particular in drawing the line between being made love to and making it. In a word, they will take their hearts and lives into their own hands, instead of leaving them, in their maidenly years, as a precious deposit in the hands of

their parents and guardians. Every thing grows in the atmosphere of freedom; and the power of loving and being loved, under such favorable conditions, ought to advance with rapid strides. Moreover, a much wiser and profounder epigrammatist than any who lives nowadays, in generations long ago, associated "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." Our own generation is verifying this shrewd association. Freedom, and what may generally be called the pride of life—material comfort, elegant homes, rich food and plenty of it, various and delicate wines, much dancing, much dressing, and all the rest of it—conspire, we imagine, to produce ever and ever in greater abundance such girls as Ellinor l'Estrange in "Cometh Up as a Flower", as Kate Chester in "Not Wisely, but Too Well," as Lenore in "Good-Bye, Sweetheart!" and as Esther Craven in "Red as a Rose is She." It is not Miss Broughton's fault that they are on the increase, but her merit to have observed or felt—for there is intuition in such matters—that they are so much on the increase that they have become interesting. And uncommonly interesting she makes them.

Do not let us be misunderstood. Such girls are still exceptional. The world would be a pandemonium if they were not, and will be a pandemonium if they ever become a clear majority—unless, indeed, the conditions of life are modified in the mean while to suit the exigencies of their impulsive passions, their charming but rather perplexing perversity, and their extravagant demand for "room to orb about." But we presume it is precisely because they are exceptional, though not so exceptional as either to escape notice or to be monsters, that Miss Broughton selects them for her studies. Therein consists true art. Ordinary, very ordinary mortals, will not serve the artist's purpose; and neither will a solitary exception to all mortals serve it. The artist wants the particular, which might conceivably be the universal, though, fortunately for interest and curiosity, it is not. The vast majority of young English ladies do not admit to their confidence, and afterward to their heart, the first good-looking stranger they meet in a warm-smelling field on a May evening. Neither do they disguise themselves as Breton waiting-maids, in order to obtain a view of some man concerning whom a tiresome lover has piqued their curiosity, nor do they try to upset boats in order to prove whether the handsome oarsman will take the trouble to save them. It may be asserted with equal confidence that they do not, as a rule, engage themselves to one man, flirt obviously with another, and then break their hearts in a violent manner over the very sensible departure of the first. Yet, such things—and more extraordinary things still—are; and when they happen, and are skillfully told, they are very entertaining to the reader—far more so, indeed, than the every-day incidents and proprieties about which it pleases certain novelists to try to excite us, and, as far as we are concerned, we may add, utterly in vain.

The only question to be asked is, "How has Miss Broughton depicted the particular species of girl whom she delights to compel to sit to her?" There can be but one answer given by an unbiased judge. "She depicts her with admirable skill, startling success, and we had almost said perfect power." People may like or dislike the willful, perverse, though by no means shrewish, mettlesome, wayward, warm, sensuous creature, that walks, lolls, looks beautiful, flirts, is epigrammatic, and makes love half-way through her pages; but there is no contesting the fact that the creature lives and breathes, and is an artistic and therefore properly idealized representation of creatures not unknown to the real life of this our century. Moreover,

Miss Broughton's heroine is not marred, even at the end of the third volume, out of deference to the feeble British partiality for a penitential *dévoiment*. *Sibi constat*: Lenore is Lenore to the bitter end. Not that we have no moral of any sort; but it is incidental, and arises naturally out of the situation, and is not preached or thrown at our heads by way of homily. The moral is the moral of actual life, the mere relation of antecedent and consequent. Girls like Lenore are doomed to make both themselves and others whom their charms ensnare, restless and miserable; and though Essie, in "Red as a Rose is She," marries St. John, the authoress almost lets us see that she is profoundly sorry for him—though Essie, of course, is a model of devotion and fidelity compared to Lenore—and that she thinks Robert Brandon is not much to be pitted for losing her and dying.

Nor must we omit to bestow well-deserved commendation on the bright and sparkling talk with which Miss Broughton's novels abound. Few people, if any, habitually talk as gayly and crisply in ordinary life; but some undoubtedly do so on favorable occasions, and, even if they did not, Miss Broughton would still be more than justified in refusing to follow in this respect a successful and respected master of her art, who usually makes his characters talk as vilely as folks do in every-day life, and yet contrives to make them interesting. That is his method *à lui*; but it is not the only one in the world of story-telling, nor in our opinion is it the best. The atmosphere of Miss Broughton's novels is unquestionably more rarefied than that we ordinarily breathe, but certainly not too much so; and it is becoming, consistent, and harmonious, that, in pages where love of the intense sort plays so large a part, and is, indeed, the protagonist, the descriptions of places and the conversations held in them should not drop below a certain level of excellence. No doubt her heroines are flippant; it is their business to be so. It is part of their nature—it is part of the nature of that growing army, consisting of the opposite of saints, virgins, and martyrs, of which we have spoken. But, if they are flippant, they are witty, pointed, and epigrammatic. In colloquial phraseology, they are uncommonly good talk. They talk as one would be only too delighted to find people talk one has to sit next to at dinner, instead of talking as such neighbors unhappily do, confirming the worst fears of the steadily-drinking cynic who was deliberately of opinion that the bane of society is conversation. It is one of the great charms and blessings of this sprightly authoress.—*Temple Bar*.

#### A SPANISH WATERING-PLACE.

THE bathing-season in the various Spanish watering-places begins about the middle of May, and lasts till toward the end of September.

The most noted summer resort in Andalusia is Lanjaron, in the Alpujarras, which is called, and not without reason, perhaps, the paradise of the Granadians. Lanjaron is a small town, and lies in a high mountain-chain, on a long, narrow, rocky ledge, which is wide enough for only two rows of houses. In the rear, extending high up the mountain, we see orange, almond, fig, and chestnut orchards; on one side we have, in full view, the eternal snows of the Sierra Nevada, while in the foreground, a long distance away, between two mountain-spurs, the Mediterranean is distinctly visible. In the neighborhood round about, wherever there is a bit of soil, among the reddish marble rocks, the yield of corn and wheat is very abundant. Indeed, the vegetation around Lanjaron seems to vie in richness with the mineral springs, which are



very varied in their chemical properties. As, however, chemistry, in Spain, is still in swaddling-clothes, none of the Lanjaron waters have been carefully analyzed. There are six springs, quite near together, the waters of which are decidedly different in taste. Between the water of one of them and Seltzer-water there is no perceptible difference; and yet, although the Spaniards import the German water in considerable quantities, they have never had the energy to put their own into the market. They choose rather to bring from abroad what they have in great abundance at home. In fact, no European country is richer in mineral waters than Spain. Not all the waters of Lanjaron are used for medicinal purposes; partly because not all the springs have the necessary conveniences, and partly because the physicians are very careful, timid even, in making use of the more powerful of them.

The principal spring used for bathing is very highly charged with iron. It is situated some distance up the mountain, and the water is conducted, by means of miserable wooden pipes, down to the bath-house, which is more like a hut than a house. Here it yields a stream, about three inches in diameter, of quite warm, reddish water. But, although Lanjaron is the most popular watering-place in Andalusia, there are only two bath-tubs in the hut—one for men and one for women—and then the room for undressing and dressing is barely sufficient.

No one is allowed to bathe without a card of permission from the physician of the place, and they are very careful not to let you remain in the water longer than the number of minutes specified on the card. This seemed to me about the only evidence of sanity and good sense the management of the establishment exhibited, for the action of the water is exceedingly rapid and powerful. Nine baths are the greatest number permission is ever given for at one time, and from five to seven minutes the time for remaining in the water. The cures effected here, and in other Andalusian baths, often border on the marvelous.

Of late they have a road—a bad one—leading from the post-road, that is practicable for vehicles. Formerly the only way of reaching this paradise of the Granadians, after leaving the high-road, was on horseback.

As for the accommodations found at Lanjaron, they are very meagre. Whoever will be at all comfortably lodged, and have a tolerable table, must bring his establishment with him. During the "season" mules, heavily laden with bedding, furniture, provisions, etc., arrive daily. Empty rooms, windowless, for the most part, which, owing to the mildness of the climate, does not matter materially, are abundant nearly everywhere in Spain.

Lanjaron lies twenty-four hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, is protected against the northern winds by a mountain, and has a very agreeable and even temperature. In summer the mercury is never above ninety, and in winter never below fifty-five.

It will be seen from this sketch, brief as it is, that life at a Spanish watering-place is a very different sort of thing from what it is at the watering-places of other European countries, as well as with us in America.

#### SUBORDINATION OF WOMEN.

THAT WOMAN has not competed with men in the active work of life was probably because, not having had the power, she had not the desire to do so, and because, having the capacity of functions which man has not, she has found her pleasure in performing them. It is not simply that man, being stronger in body than she is, has held her in subjection, and debared her from careers of action which he was resolved to keep for himself;

her maternal functions must always have rendered, and must continue to render, most of her activity domestic. There have been times enough in the history of the world, when the freedom which she has had, and the position which she has held in the estimation of men, would have enabled her to assert her claims to other functions, had she so willed it. The most earnest advocate of her rights to be something else than what she has hitherto been, would hardly argue that she has always been in the position of a slave kept in forcible subjection by the superior physical force of men. Assuredly, if she has been a slave, she has been a slave content with her bondage. But it may, perhaps, be said that in that lies the very pith of the matter—that she is not free, and does not care to be free; that she is a slave, and does not know or feel it. It may be alleged that she has lived for so many ages in the position of dependence, to which she was originally reduced by the superior muscular strength of man, has been so thoroughly imbued with inherited habits of submission, and overawed by the influence of customs never questioned, that she has not the desire for emancipation; that thus a moral bondage has been established, more effectual than an actual physical bondage.

It would be rash to assert that there is not some measure of truth in these arguments. Let any one who thinks otherwise reflect upon the degraded condition of women in Turkey, where habit is so ingrained in their nature, and custom so powerful over the mind, that they have neither thought nor desire to attain to a higher state, and "naught feel their foul disgrace;" a striking illustration how women may be demoralized and yet not know nor feel it, and an instructive lesson for those who are anxious to form a sound judgment upon the merits of the movement for promoting their higher education and the removal of the legal disabilities under which they labor. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the effects of the laws and usages of a country upon the habits of thought of those who, generation after generation, have been born and bred, and have lived under them. . . . But may we not fairly assert that it would be no less a mistake in an opposite direction to allow no weight to such an argument? Setting physiological considerations aside, it is not possible to suppose that the whole explanation of woman's position and character is that man, having in the beginning found her pleasing in his eyes and necessary to his enjoyment, took forcible possession of her, and has ever since kept her in bondage, without any other justification than the right of the strongest. Superiority of muscular strength, without superiority of any other kind, would not have done that any more than superiority of muscular strength has availed to give the lion or the elephant possession of the earth. If it were not that woman's organization and functions found their fitting home in a position different from, if not subordinate to, that of men, she would not so long have kept that position. If she is to be judged by the same standard as men, and to make their aims her aims, we are certainly bound to say that she labors under an inferiority of constitution by a dispensation which there is no gainsaying. This is a matter of physiology, not a matter of sentiment.

—Henry Maudsley, in *Fortnightly Review*.

#### STREETS OF MOSCOW.

MOSCOW (like any other Russian town) is horribly disagreeable in the spring and summer, but more especially in a thaw. Every street becomes a slough of despond, in which not one but many pilgrims hopelessly wander, with the further disadvantage of being liable to be cut in two by a sledge, and with

the certainty of losing their galoshes. The Russian galoshes are comfortable and useful, but very unsightly contrivances. They are made very high and large, so as to cover the ankles, and the feet slip easily in and out of them; they are usually lined with felt.

When the thaw comes, and the sun begins to shine, Moscow becomes a city of stinks. All the long-imprisoned animal and vegetable matter which the frost has kept sweet all the winter, now poisons the air, and by the month of May the cholera usually sets in. Russia is the head-quarters of cholera, and no wonder, considering that in matters of cleanliness and common decency the Russians, as a nation, are yet children. Indeed, it is from Russia that the cholera-taint has been wafted westward into Europe. Europe suffers by its propinquity to Russia just as a cottager suffers from his neighbor's dunghill, be his own cottage and belongings ever so clean. No words can give any idea of the filthy and neglected state of a Russian town in spring and summer. In spring, for instance, owing to bad paving and draining, every street is either a water-course or a morass. At Moscow, especially, owing to the nature of the soil, the stones sink and become displaced, and the black mud oozes between them. A horse that has sunk up to the belly in mud is no uncommon sight in the streets of Moscow. I have frequently been obliged to hire a carriage to take me across the street, and this not from any delicacy about soiling my boots. I have in my time seen bad roads of all descriptions, and on both sides of the world, but I have never seen any roads, in town or country, so atrociously bad as the streets of Moscow. The pavement, instead of being an improvement, makes them worse, for it rises here in hillocks and sinks there to form holes full of water or liquid mud. As soon as the mud dries and turns into dust, many streets resemble the dry beds of mountain-torrents, and the carriages rock and roll in them like ships in a storm. The sun is very hot in the early spring, and in consequence of this, and the cold, dry wind that prevails, the air is full of dust. One sees little attempt at remedying this evil. There are no water-carts, but one or two enterprising shop-keepers are in the habit of sending out boys with watering-pots. The water-supply of Moscow is managed by carts, and one sees at the principal fountains in the town men employed all day long in filling them. In the winter these carts, when driven through the streets, present a singular appearance, as the water dripping over the sides forms icicles in all kinds of grotesque shapes.

One great cause of the stinks and unhealthy state of the atmosphere in Moscow in spring-time is, that, all the winter through, people make large use of frozen provisions—meat, fish, and vegetables; now, when a sudden thaw comes with a hot sun, great quantities of these provisions go bad and are thrown away. Hence whole streets in which provisions are sold exude a very fetid smell. The fish that are not sold, and which do not go bad, are returned to the ice-cellars to be kept frozen till required. Thus, one never knows whether he is eating a fresh fish or one that has been hawked about the streets for years, or preserved from the time of Peter the Great. The fish are frozen just as they are caught, and sent as stiff as logs in cartloads to the towns. The Russians pretend that fish thus frozen is just as good as if it were fresh, and of course they can get no other in the winter; but, in my opinion, it decidedly lacks flavor, and is, moreover, unwholesome. It seems to me impossible that fish, preserved by any method for a considerable length of time, should not undergo some change in fibre or texture.—"Behind the Scenes in Russia" (London, 1874).

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT often happens that we are unconscious of being on elevated ground until our descent from it makes the fact apparent. There are mountains crossed in travel that notably exhibit this peculiarity—the ascent and descent are so gradual that the true character of the formation only reveals itself from the plains below.

This phenomenon exists in social things as well as in natural landscapes. There are many evils which we know little about, the extent of which we entirely fail to measure at the time when they are most formidable and prevalent. When we begin to get beyond them, we are all at once aroused to their nature; when we have nearly reached the plains beyond, we see them loom behind us. But here the comparison between social evils and mountain formations ends. When we see mountains that we have crossed standing up between us and the horizon, we comprehend that the elevation is passed; when we begin to see the magnitude and extent of an evil, its shadows gathering all about us, we fail to realize that our course by natural rate of progression will soon leave it in our rear.

This may be illustrated by the history of Intemperance. Not many generations ago temperance was the exception rather than the rule. A man who had never drunk to excess was almost unknown. It was not, as has been pointed out by Herbert Spencer, until a reaction had already diminished the evil, that temperance societies were organized. These did their share toward further diminishing it; then came teetotal societies, which have helped to make the evil still less. "Such," says Mr. Spencer, "has been the effect of these causes that, for a long time past, among the upper classes, the drinking which was once creditable has been thought a disgrace; while among the lower classes it has greatly decreased, and come to be generally reprobated. Those, however, who, carrying on the agitation against it, having their eyes more and more widely opened to the vice, assert or imply in their speeches and petitions that the vice is not only great, but growing. Having, in the course of a generation, much mitigated it by their voluntary efforts, they now make themselves believe that it is too gigantic to be dealt with otherwise than by repressive enactments." We see by this illustration that when an evil is absolutely overwhelming, when it takes possession of the whole community, we are almost entirely heedless of it; whereas, just as the evil begins to decline its extent begins to be realized, and its apparent magnitude increases in almost exact proportion to its real diminution.

If we look around, we'll see that what is true of Intemperance is also true of a great many other things.

Look at the history of education. It is only when a people have begun to escape from the darkness of illiteracy that they awaken to the importance of education. When, as generation succeeds generation, schools and academies multiply, books increase, learning is diffused, until at last the entire public sentiment is enlisted in behalf of education; when illiteracy is reduced to an insignificant fraction; when it becomes necessary in some circles to repress the passion for knowledge because pursued with an ardor and intensity hurtful to health, and an almost superstitious reverence is paid to literary acquisition—when all these results have come about, we find certain enthusiasts urging the enactment of laws for compulsory education. One would suppose that the splendid results of voluntary forces would satisfy these impatient spirits; but the evils of illiteracy have risen upon the intellectual horizon in proportion to its actual disappearance from our midst.

If one who lived in our cities a hundred years ago should come to life to-day, he would find no greater cause for amazement in the changes of things than in the disposition of people to complain of prevalent evils. In his day he never heard the question of ventilation discussed at all. Everybody lived in shut-up houses; and slept in curtain-canopied beds. Now, with wide windows, numerous devices for fresh air, open beds that permit a free circulation of air for the sleeper, he hears violent talk about the bad air we breathe, and the general unhealthfulness of our households. In his day there was no sewerage; the streets, for the most part, went unswept, and were garnished with piles of festering garbage. But no one gave the matter any thought. Now, when the streets are sewered, when they are swept at brief intervals, when garbage is not permitted to be thrown into the streets, when a cleanliness is maintained that, when compared to the practice of former times, is fairly remarkable, the very air is full of discontent. As the evil has become less, the public sense has become keener. In social conveniences and municipal arrangements grumbling seems to have very little relation to the real extent of the evils complained of, but, of course, a very accurate relation to the extent those evils are felt and recognized.

The physical training of women is another topic that takes possession of the public imagination in proportion to the extent that a remedy for certain evils is applied. We had something to say to this effect last week. We find it continually assumed that what is known as the "young-lady languor" is an outcome of our recent civilization. It seems to be believed that out-door exercise is less employed by the women of to-day than by the women of past ages. It is habitually asserted that the weak physical condition of our women arises from their unhygienic dresses; but, whatever measure of truth there may be in

these statements, the fact remains that in many things there have been great improvements, as we pointed out briefly in our comments a week ago.

It is not difficult to account for these apparent contradictions. It is obvious that an evil must come to be recognized before a moral force can organize against it; it is also obvious that, as this moral sense widens and broadens, the evil looks larger and more formidable. The only wonder is, that people do not refer more frequently to history, and, when deploring the prevalence of an evil, do not compare its present extent with that of a former period. If the reformers would consent to make these comparisons they would gain fresh hopes for the future, have more confidence in the steady influence of moral forces, be less likely to resort to extreme measures, which are so apt to be reactionary, and would go forth to new victories in a spirit of greater patience and with calm assurance of ultimate victory.

— The cozy little republic which nestles amid the Alps, in the very centre of Europe, shut in by a cordon of warlike and jealous powers, must always possess a special interest for Americans. Its form of government, maintained in such peace and order while Europe has been shaken by terrific contests, and revolutions have overthrown dynasties and changed constitutions, has hitherto borne, in very many respects, a striking similarity to our own. The twenty-two Swiss cantons have been so many states, with local self-control and an equal representation in the Federal Assembly. The national Legislature consists of two Houses, the upper composed of two members from each canton, the lower containing representatives according to population.

Thus far the Swiss Congress bears an exact resemblance to that of the United States. But a difference appears in the election of both Houses for a term of three years; and, still further in the constitution of the executive, which is elected, not by the people or cantons, but by the Federal Assembly, for the term of three years. The executive consists of a "Federal Council" comprising seven members; from these are chosen the President and Vice-President of the Republic. It is interesting to note that the salaries of these two officials are respectively three thousand and twenty-four hundred dollars. They are, however—or have hitherto been—simply delegates chosen to do the legislative will, with no powers of their own except those specially authorized and delegated by the Federal Assembly.

The republic is based, both in its national and in its cantonal governments, upon the principle of the absolute sovereignty of the people. The suffrage is less limited in Switzerland than it is in the United States. Every Swiss citizen who has reached his twentieth

year has the right to vote, and is eligible to the legislature or the executive; the only exception to the latter rule being that clergymen are prohibited from occupying the office of deputy. In the cantonal or state governments there are small local assemblies; and it is curious to note that in a few of the less populous cantons—such as Glarus and Uri—the people meet and pass their laws in mass, much after the simple fashion of a New-England town-meeting.

Hitherto cantonal sovereignty has been the peculiar and dominant feature of the Swiss Republic. The central government has been regarded as only a bond binding together, for common purposes, the group of states. The cantons have stood stoutly by their local privileges, and have jealously watched any attempt on the part of the central authority to acquire larger powers to itself. Gradually, however, an important change has been proceeding. In 1848 the ties between the cantons were drawn closer, and Switzerland, from being a "Staatenbund," or organism in which the cantons were predominant as states, became a "Bundesstaat," or organism in which the national authority was the chief political element. The tendency has ever since been toward centralization.

Two parties have been vigorously struggling for the ascendancy. The Liberals, having a majority in most of the Protestant cantons, have, curiously enough, steadily advocated a greater political consolidation of the republic, the lessening of the local powers of the cantons, and the consolidation of more authority in the hands of the central government. The Conservatives, on the other hand, comprising most of the Swiss Catholics, have been the champions of the old federation and long-existing cantonal rights.

This issue has just been finally decided so quietly, with so entire an absence of violence or bitterness, that it may even surprise some of our readers to learn that Switzerland has undergone a complete political revolution. A new constitution, involving such radical changes as to actually alter the political organism, was submitted to the universal suffrage of the Swiss people in April, and was adopted without a riot or a blow in any part of the country. The very fact of this orderly "transfer of power" may teach European monarchists volumes as to the stability of republican institutions, and of the perfect freedom of the popular will. Could such a change in Russia or Germany, in France or Italy, nay, even in boastfully-free England, be accomplished, not only without riot and bloodshed, but with such tranquillity that the news of it would be transmitted to the world by a telegram of half a dozen lines? A general election in England is followed by mobbing and stone-throwing in half the boroughs of the kingdom. The arrival of Chambord at Versailles throws Paris into convulsions.

When the Spanish President falls ill, the Madrid Bourse is frantically agitated. But Switzerland upsets one constitution and sets up another, and the world is scarcely aware that any thing has been going on.

The new constitution deprives the cantons of local power, makes the executive a real power, creates a real army and a national unity, decrees universal, secular, and compulsory education, gives the Federal Assembly and Council complete supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs, and brings about much such a change as was effected when the Germanic Confederation was transformed into the Germanic Empire. The first ascendancy of the centralizing Liberals has been brought about by what the Swiss have come to regard as the necessities of their situation. Surrounded by great states mutually jealous and hostile; coveted themselves, perhaps, by one or the other of these, they have found it a policy of self-preservation to draw closer their lines and prepare for the not improbable exigency of self-defense.

Thus the Swiss have reasons for centralization which do not apply to the United States; it is as necessary for us to steer clear of that goal as it is for them to approach it. It is with them clearly one of those evils which are requisite to independence. The most significant fact, however, is that which we have pointed out—the contrast between the stability of a republic which can pass tranquilly through a revolution, and that of the monarchies to which revolution is so often fatal and decisive.

— People who are acquainted with old-time portraits, or have amused themselves by looking over books of costumes, must have observed that, with all the talk about accuracy in costuming at our theatres, the ladies, at least, never venture to accept all the facts of the past in getting themselves up in historical characters. Lady Teazle will, it is true, wear powdered hair and an embroidered petticoat; Queen Elizabeth will appear in large ruffs and a stomacher; the long trains, the sweeping sleeves, the abundant lace, the expanding skirt—these items of by-gone toilets will be copied with approximate accuracy. But many styles have to be somewhat modernized, deprived of their uncouthness, shorn of their ugliness, transformed from something preposterous, strange, barbaric, into something else perhaps equally preposterous and barbaric, but considered for the time being as becoming. Would any lady, for instance, cast in a comedy the scene of which was laid about forty years ago, venture to appear before an audience in the toilet of the period, in the short, clinging skirt, the huge pillow-sleeves, the waist under the armpits, the monstrous bonnet in which a score of the present article could be stowed? Not unless the part were a comic one, we may be assured. No one could feel sympathy for a heroine gotten up in this amazing fashion. No histrionic genius could play down the grotesque comicality

of such a costume. Hence our actresses never, unless perhaps in the classical drama, exactly reproduce the costumes of a by-gone period. They are wise not to attempt it. If any one questions the aesthetic impracticability of doing this, let him go and see the portraits in the antique collection of paintings at the Museum of Art in Fourteenth Street. He would see then that a play of old times, costumed with severe regard to historical accuracy, would afford as laughable a picture as that body of singers do who go about giving what they call "old folks' concerts." Actors in the serious drama have to escape the mirth-provoking elements of old costumes by various devices which are not justified by history. So humorous does the dress of one period seem in the eyes of other generations, that comedians are never under the necessity of inventing comic toilets; they have only to reproduce what were once established fashions. For this reason they hunt for and treasure up old-fashioned hats, waist-coats, coats, etc., such as once were in vogue, but which now have only to appear before the foot-lights to excite roars of laughter. And of course, if the comedian creates mirth by simply reproducing the past, the serious man must sacrifice accuracy to dramatic necessity, and garb himself in a manner befitting the sentiments he is to utter. The grotesqueness of costume in different periods might be studied and discussed to advantage by the historian, the moralist, and the artist, each from his own point of view.

— "How long can this last?" asks the *Tribune*, in a head-line to an article upon the increase of the municipal debt in New-York City. We are told that the debt has increased, in three years, from eighty-four millions to over one hundred and twelve millions, being at the rate of ten millions a year; and this increase, it will be noted, has been under a reform government—a government brought about by a well-known political revolution under the guidance of a "Committee of Seventy," by which the "Ring" was overthrown, and citizens of honest repute placed in office. And yet, notwithstanding these facts, the debt has increased to the extent we have shown, and continues now month by month to increase. Well may the *Tribune* ask how it is all to end. The reader who perused our article last week on this topic will see how the statements we have here quoted confirm the views there set down. Unless many things now under government charge and supervision are excluded from its province; unless we set about to confine governmental administration solely to those matters that specially and indispensably belong to it, we shall find, ere long, our governments, general, State, and municipal, plunged into bankruptcy. Before the very much-needed political reform was accomplished in New York, we predicted that a mere change in rulers, unless accompanied by a change of methods, would not accomplish the results so confidently hoped for; and we now predict that we may go on indefinitely changing rulers, but will attain no better exhibit than that before us, unless we make some radical changes in our plans.



These changes should be, first, the exclusion of all projects that may be undertaken by private enterprise; and, next, the ordering of certain interests, so that their support should fall upon those immediately concerned. As, for instance, the entire cost of the Pavement Bureau should be maintained by taxes on all kinds of vehicles, public and private. It is for the use of vehicles that pavements are needed; it is the wear and friction of vehicles that cause repairs to be needed; so let the expense fall where the cost is created. The same principle should apply to our wharves. This is simply a hint as to the directions in which reforms might be made; our purpose, however, is not to enter into details, but to emphasize, by the facts cited by the *Tribune*, certain arguments bearing upon the philosophy of government that we have from time to time advanced in these columns.

### Literary.

IT would be a mistake to regard Auerbach's new novel, "Waldfried," merely as a novel, though this is all its title-page claims for it; it is, in reality, an epic of German unity, with which is interwoven the idyl of a pleasant family history. The reader's attention is claimed for a variety of individuals, whose character and life are gradually unfolded, and we get a vivid picture of village-life on the borders of the Black Forest; but these are all subordinate to the political movements of the time, and there is no doubt that Auerbach's true object was to explain the causes which produced the great uprising that culminated so dramatically at Versailles, and to reveal the motives which actuated the better class of Germans, and especially of South-Germans, from 1848 to 1866, and through the terrible ordeal of 1870. The book is, in short, a national plea and vindication; and we think we may say that it is a successful one, for few readers will lay it down without a feeling of more cordial sympathy with the people whose intellectual and warlike achievements have extorted the admiration of the world. Waldfried, who tells the story, and whose family are the principal actors in it, is a wealthy landed proprietor in the district lying not far from the French frontier, over against Strasbourg; is one of the prominent local magnates; and, when the story opens, has been for many years a member of the parliament of his principality. Ere he dies, he has become a member of the Reichstag of that united German Empire which was the dream of his youth and the aspiration of his maturer life; yet, though he was thus constantly in the political world, his character throughout is that of the patriarch of a forest hamlet, and is of a kind which, we fear, our native politicians would regard with both incredulity and contempt. The narrative begins in 1870, but gradually wanders back to the abortive Revolution of 1848, in which Waldfried's eldest son took part, and, in consequence, had spent the intervening years in America; and from this we are led by slow steps up to the brief but decisive overture of 1866, which formed but the prelude to the infinitely grander drama of 1870, and the great national resurrection. As the political atmosphere thickens, so does the interest of the family and individual history become more intense; and great artistic skill is shown by the way in which these separate and contrasted threads of the narrative are twisted together,

without permitting either to exclude or to encroach upon the other. In this, Auerbach has had something of the same difficulties to contend with which confronted Victor Hugo in his "Ninety-Three"—the two books are constantly associating themselves together in the mind—and he has managed them, we think, with equal skill. The author's power of revealing character by psychological analysis, if not so conspicuous as in his "On the Heights," is also a very marked feature of "Waldfried," and will probably constitute its best claim to a permanent place in the literature of fiction; and the completeness with which individual personages can be outlined by cumulative touches, each of which is so slight as scarcely to attract attention, has seldom been better illustrated. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that the story is long, and that it is written in that easy, leisurely style, which not even the interpolation of proverbs and epigrams, and the introduction of battle-scenes, can lift above the subdued level of an old man's recitative. It is a book which no one need feel anxious to begin or to finish, but is just the thing to put in the satchel for the summer's jaunt, and—no other literature will be needed. The translator of "Waldfried" is Mr. Simon Adler Stern, and Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are the publishers.

General James Grant Wilson's "Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers" (New York: Putnam's Sons), is a kind of literature which always proves interesting to younger readers, and which, after a single perusal, is returned to many times for its crisp anecdotes and bright bits of character-sketching. If, as Dr. Channing observes, "one anecdote of a man is worth a volume of biography," then these brief sketches are worth a whole library, for there is scarcely a page in the entire book which does not contain some characteristic anecdote or pithy saying. The "Sketches" are twenty-five in number, and include nearly all the great captains of the last four centuries—beginning with Gonsalvo, of Cordova, and ending with the heroes of our own civil war. The style is spirited and vigorous, and, notwithstanding the brevity of the biographies—no more than twenty pages are given to each—they convey a fairly complete impression of the character and achievements of the famous soldiers brought under review. As he approaches our own time, indeed, the author's tendency to pronounce decisive judgment brings him now and then on dubious ground; this tendency is always perilous where the verdict of history is not yet made up, and where the space will not permit of the opinions being reasoned out. But, in most cases, his readers will agree with him, and his sketches of Generals Scott and Sherman are among the best in the volume. The companion sketch of Lee is the least satisfactory of all. It is not only that it is inadequate and lacking in the discrimination which General Wilson displays in other portions of his work, but it seems to have been prepared both hastily and carelessly. Nearly all that is good in it should have been placed in quotation-marks, and credited to Colonel Chesney (rather thinly disguised compilation is a characteristic of other portions of the book), and an even more literal following of this author throughout would have saved the sketch from some blunders. Lee was not in command at all before or at the battle of Seven Pines; he was not appointed commander-in-chief of the armies until the last year of the war; and he was not selected to take General Johnston's place, after the latter was wounded, because "the Confederates were

clamorous for his advancement"—at that time there was far more popular enthusiasm for both the Johnstons, and for Beauregard, than for Lee. This upsets the second of "the three indelible stains" which, according to General Wilson, "must ever rest upon the otherwise spotless character of" Lee. The third stain is "his clinging to Scott's staff till the last minute in order to carry to the South a full knowledge of the confiding veteran's plans for the approaching campaign." This is a very grave charge, and it cannot be sustained. The facts are, that Lee resigned his position immediately upon Virginia's secession; that Scott had no "plans of campaign" at that time, nobody in the United States knowing where the seat of war would be; and that, at no time in the beginning of the following campaign, did either Lee or the government of Virginia act in such a manner as to convey the impression that they possessed private or exceptional knowledge. The charge is simply one of the rhetorical safety-valves for popular passion, which did very well when the war-fever was upon us, but which it is time now to dispense with.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff's new book on "Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands" (New York: Harper & Bros.), is prepared on the same general plan as his previous volume on Southern California, and has the same characteristic excellences both of arrangement and of execution. It is not an historical narrative in any special sense, nor a statistical record, nor a book of travels proper, nor a guide-book for tourists; but it partakes of the character of each of these sufficiently to answer any practical question which the reader is likely to ask. For the tourist, he describes places of interest, and tells how to visit them, how long it will take, how much it will cost, and what sights are best worth seeing; and for settlers and others he explains the natural features of the different countries included in his work, their attractions and drawbacks, the various industries in which the people are engaged, the conditions under which they are successfully prosecuted, and the progress or failures which statistics record. At the same time, there is no definite division between the two kinds of information imparted; and, whether he be a tourist or a settler, the reader will find nothing in the entire work which, even for his special purposes, will not prove both interesting and instructive. Though the Sandwich Islands come last in the title, the first half of the present volume is devoted to them, and to most readers this will prove the most interesting part of it. There are no surprising circumstances, or incidents, or adventures to relate—unless it be surprising to read that, in these whilom savage islands, to which the murder of Captain Cook has attached a tradition of ferocity, "one is constantly reminded of New England;" that the people are almost universally amiable, cultivated, and virtuous; that the children are more universally educated than even in Prussia, and that "nowhere else in the world is life so safe and property so secure;" but without visiting them for himself, and studying them carefully, the reader cannot obtain a better idea of their present condition, political, social, industrial, and religious, or of the wild and sombre picturesque of their scenery. The last half of the volume contains a very full description of California north of and including the Sacramento Valley; a similar account of Oregon and the Columbia River; and a brief record of a journey through Washington Territory to Victoria on Vancouver's Island. The illustra-

tions are very numerous and very good, and are shown to excellent advantage by the broad quarto pages; and, besides these, the volume contains two useful maps, one of the Hawaiian Archipelago, and another of Northern California.

"The Expanse of Heaven," by Richard A. Proctor, B. A. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is the most popular, both in plan and treatment, of all that prolific author's works, and offers most attractions for the general reader. It covers the entire field of astronomy, and presents precisely the same subjects as were treated of in his recent lectures, but in a much more careful and comprehensive way, with more fullness of detail and a wider range of illustration, and is just the book for those who, without technical training, would understand the position to which astronomical knowledge has at present attained. The essays are numerous, and for the most part brief, and we can, perhaps, give a better idea of the scope of the work by quoting the titles of a few of them than in any other way: "The Sun;" "The Queen of Night;" "The Evening Star;" "The Buddy Planet;" "The Prince of Planets;" "Jupiter's Family of Moons;" "The Ring-Girdled Planet;" "Newton and the Law of the Universe;" "Visitants from the Star Depths;" "Whence come the Comets?" "The Earth's Journey through Showers;" "How the Planets grow;" "A Cluster of Suns;" "Worlds lit by Colored Suns;" "Four Orders of Suns;" "The Depths of Space;" "The Star-Depths astir with Life;" "The Drifting Stars;" "The Milky Way;" etc., etc. The style is even more varied and eloquent than is customary with Mr. Proctor, and not the least pleasing feature of the volume is the tone of unaffected and heart-felt piety which pervades every part. Here alone is sufficient evidence that the scientific spirit is in no wise incompatible with most perfect and reverential faith in an Almighty Creator and Ruler.

If the ingenious scheme proposed by Mr. George A. Shove, in his "Life under Glass" (Boston: Osgood & Co.), could only be practically carried out, he might fairly claim to have outdone in reality the wildest architectural fancies of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The scheme involves nothing less than the creation of artificial climates by covering forty or more acres of land with an immense roof of glass, under which a genial and equable temperature should be maintained throughout the year, and within whose walls should be accumulated all the attractions of the most artistic landscape-gardening—flowers, fountains, trees, tropical fruits, aviaries, museums, and music. Around this central building, and connected with it by glass-enclosed arcades, would be clustered gymnasia, libraries, theatres, shops, and, above all, hotels, to which would flock the weather-tortured invalids from all parts of the land. We have not space to go into the details of the plan, but Mr. Shove is entirely in earnest, and his essay is devoted to proving, first, the necessity of something of the kind, owing to the frightful prevalence of pulmonary and rheumatic diseases, which no medicine can reach, and which cause one death in every five; second, the entire feasibility of the scheme which he presents; and, third, the almost absolute certainty that it would prove immensely profitable as a mere pecuniary investment. He rises into genuine eloquence when depicting the advantages and possibilities of "Life under Glass," and, if we may accept his enthusiastic conclusions, we

have only to build such a sanitarium to enable invalids to "fling physic to the dogs," and, flocking to the crystal city, "fleet the time as merrily as they did it" the golden age."

A quaint, unique title is given by Mr. Stoddard to an equally quaint and unique little volume designed to be first of a series devoted to the literature of personal reminiscence. "Bric-à-Brac Series" is good; and so is the capital and most appropriate motto from Christopher Marlowe, "Infinite riches in a little room," that stands upon the cover as a sign of the choice tidbits offered within. This initial volume consists of selections from three English volumes of recent issue—"Henry Fothergill Chorley: Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters, compiled by Henry G. Hewlett;" "The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché, a Professional Biography;" and, third, "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with Extracts from his Son's Journal, by Charles Young, A. M., Rector of Ilmington." These volumes are crowded with anecdotes and reminiscences of notable people in the London world of literature, art, music, and the drama; indeed, there is scarcely a distinguished name of recent times (for some of these authors traveled, and many famous people of the Continent mingled at times in English circles) of which something is not related in these gossiping pages; and it has been Mr. Stoddard's plan to condense the best of these utterances into his compact and charming pocket volume. "The Literature of Personal Reminiscences," says Mr. Stoddard in his preface, "is more extensive than its casual readers might suppose, and is of a more entertaining character, it seems to me, than any other kind of literature." A great many people are of this mind, who are not quite willing to acknowledge it. Scribner & Co. are the publishers.

A volume trenching on the same field, from the press of Henry Holt & Co., is entitled "Recent Art and Society." This is intended as a companion volume to "Recent Music and Musicians, as described in the Diaries and Correspondence of Ignaz Moschelles." Like one portion of Mr. Stoddard's compilation, it is derived from Chorley's autobiography; and readers of the "Bric-à-Brac" volume, who may desire to know more of the *Athenæum* critic, of the people he met, the letters he received and wrote, and the incidents of his own struggling career, will find them in the volume before us. The compiler, Mr. Jones, has done his work so well as to include, in little more than half the space, every essential fact and incident in the two capacious volumes of the English edition. Our readers will recall some appetizing extracts that we gave in this JOURNAL at the time of the first appearance of the English issue; and if their enjoyment of the witty criticisms and notable doings of men "great in mouths of wisest censure," tempt them to a further banquet on these *bonbons*, the present volume will repay their attention.

The publication of Gustave Flaubert's unsuccessful piece, "Le Candidat" (Paris: Charpentier et Cie.), lets some light into the mysterious laboratories where the censorship transforms moral poison into wholesome food. M. Flaubert has printed without comment the official corrections made in his manuscript. They are sufficiently eloquent. The author has likened one of his characters to a seminarist; the Censure substituted "cagot." It preferred "entregent" to "intrigue" in a passage relating to the means to be employed at an election; struck out the words "bishop" and "monseigneur." There was in the text, "A ministerial committee proposes me;" the word "ministerial" was prohibited. The phrase "We will make him pass for a Legitimist in disguise" met with the

same fate. And there are corrections less explicable than these. The heroine describes a suitor as "a man one wouldn't hire as footman;" her father remarks that "he has been educated by an 'eminent ecclesiastic';" his daughter retorts that her future sisters-in-law "ne savent pas l'orthographe;" and the red ink of the Censure erased these sentences as immoral and subversive of social order.

One of the London weeklies is severe on Lord Houghton, and says that, to judge from a poem on Livingstone contributed by him to the *Times*, "some great names will suffice to make any thing pass for poetry. The first verse is enough—

"The swarthy followers stood aloof,  
Unled—unfethered;  
He lay beneath that grassy roof,  
Fresh-gathered."

To what does the last line refer? To the roof, or to the dead? How is 'unfethered' to be construed? and how pronounced so as to rhyme with 'fresh-gathered'? The last line of the whole ode has four syllables. How does it match the last lines of the other verses which have only three? These are criticisms on the exterior of the poem only; but the allusions are as forced as the rhymes, and as disjointed as the metre. But then it must be remembered that Houghton is a noble bard; and we are perhaps too presumptuous in offering any criticism on his labored but feeble verses."

Meers. Didot has just published a book which throws very considerable light on the earlier part of the reign of Louis XVI. It contains the secret correspondence between the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau and the Empress Maria Theresa, together with the correspondence between Marie Antoinette and her mother, edited from the originals in the state archives at Vienna, by MM. A. d'Arnet and A. Geffroy. This correspondence completely disposes of the accusations against the conduct of Marie Antoinette; but it shows that she played a great part in the fall of Turgot, whom she wished to have not only dismissed, but also sent to the Bastille. In this instance she was not instigated by her mother, but seems rather to have been carried away by personal feelings and the influence of those around her.

The *Academy* tries each week to touch the philosophy of the novel-question at a new point. In the last number it says: "It is not easy at first sight to say why it should be considered a reproach to call a novelist sentimental, and a compliment rather than otherwise to call him (or her) impassioned. Novels are supposed to be chiefly valuable as representations of different varieties of human nature, and sentiment is as real an element in human nature as passion, and perhaps a rather more common one, so that it might seem to have at least an equal right to representation. The source of the prejudice is to be found, probably, in a vague but not quite baseless belief that sentiment is more likely in proportion than passion to find an unreal or false expression."

One of the most interesting contributions to the Livingstone literature, which is sure to spring up now, will doubtless be the journal of Jacob Wainwright, Livingstone's African friend and servant. It gives a minute account of the great explorer's death, and narrates the long march of his escort homeward with his remains. It will not appear until after Livingstone's own journal is published.

It is rumored in London society that one of England's chief poets (by some surmised to be Tennyson) has completed an historical tragedy, which, not impossible, will be produced on the stage. Neither the name of the author nor the subject of the drama is mentioned, and the *Athenæum* wonders where actors will be found capable of appearing in such a piece.

The last *Athenæum* prints a hitherto unpublished poem by Burns, taken from a manuscript in the poet's handwriting found in the Athenæum Library of Liverpool. It is a fragment in the form of an allegory, and contains some biting political satire—directed apparently against the Whigs.

Professor Child has had the two volumes of Peter Buchan's collection of ballads in the British Museum copied for the Harvard College Library.

## Art.

### The Venus of Milo, and a Museum of Plaster-Casts.

THE advent of the Venus of Falerone at the Louvre, and the efforts of M. Ravaissou, the Curator of Antiques, to determine the primitive type to which she belonged, have revived the old discussions concerning the Venus of Milo in Parisian art-circles. The questions to be decided in regard to this great masterpiece of sculpture are, as to what was her original position, and if she formed the portion of a group. M. Ravaissou thinks her present position, inclined to the right, a false one, and that she originally formed part of a group in which she was united with a Mars. He says, in support of his theory, that the Venus is in two portions, that she was separated into these two parts during the siege of Paris, while concealed in the cellar of the Prefecture of Police, and that, on reuniting the disjoined members, she was erroneously posed with her foot flat to the earth, instead of having it raised according to the original design. This gives her an inclination to the right instead of the left, the position intended by the sculptor. He also thinks that the Venus was originally united to a companion-figure, probably the Mars of the Borghese Palace. Plaster-casts of both statues have been taken, and, the pair united on one pedestal, are now on exhibition in the Louvre. A committee of art-connoisseurs has been appointed to decide the question. The new pose of the Venus is said to give her a more majestic attitude.

M. Ravaissou has recently contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an essay upon the importance of establishing a museum of plaster-casts, which shall contain exact reproductions of the great masterpieces of sculpture of the Louvre, and also of those that are scattered through the whole world, thus affording material for the study of the history of art and of art itself. The learned curator strengthens his argument by some curious facts in the history of the sculptures of the Louvre.

These priceless marbles were almost universally in a mutilated condition when found in the earth. Time had spared little but the *débris*. In many cases the missing parts were not only supplied, but the statues were remodeled, sometimes with great departures from the original creations. Thus, to an antique statue without a head some other antique head nearly suiting it was adjusted. If limbs, features, or drapery, were still wanting, a sculptor was employed to supply the deficiency. When antiques were rare, the most renowned statuaries were employed. A Marsyas in the Florentine Gallery was restored by Michael Angelo. The Farnesian Hercules was discovered without legs. Guglielmo della Porta was commissioned to supply them. Afterward, the ancient legs were refound, and substituted for those executed by the modern artist. The right arm of the Laocoon was the work of Agnola Montorsoli, who also made the left arm of the Apollo Belvedere, and restored the missing parts of the Hercules improperly called Commodus. In France, the Diana with the hound was restored by Barthélemy Prieur; the Venus of Arles, and the colossal Jupiter, by Girardon.

Afterward, restorations were made by less distinguished artists, and thus erroneous ideas of mythology and history mingled with the representations of ancient art. The same mistakes were made in regard to epochs and different styles. Taking for illustrations only

the statues of the Louvre, we find that the Dioscubus has the head of a Hercules, and modern arms; the Jason has a head of a superior beauty to that of the body, but which does not belong to it. In the wounded Amazon, only the head and upper portion of the body are antique, while in the Polyhymnia only the lower portion is antique. Among imperial statues, the famous Augustus is a composition of a fine head of the emperor, and a body draped in the fashion of a more ancient epoch. A statue of Trajan is composed of a head of Trajan and the body of a Greek, as the costume plainly indicates. A colossal Alexander, whose head, arms, and legs, are restorations of an ordinary value, has a torso of the best epoch and of admirable workmanship.

It is difficult at the present time to separate from the originals the parts which have been restored. But a museum of plaster-casts preserving only undoubted originals, and rejecting all that has been added, would form a collection that would present in truth and purity the most beautiful remains of ancient art that time has not destroyed. Such a collection would form a history of the great types of religion and antique art. Both artists and art-lovers would derive incalculable benefit from such a source of inspiration, and such an opportunity for artistic study.

M. Ravaissou suggests, as a locality for the future museum, either the unoccupied halls in the Palace of Industry, or a still more appropriate position in the Louvre itself.

Mr. Thomas Moran has painted what may be termed a companion-picture to his "Valley of the Yellowstone," delineating what is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the more recently-explored far West. Few people have yet seen, but all have heard of the marvelous cañons of the Colorado, the walls of which rise at places to the stupendous height of over six thousand feet. Mr. Moran's picture is an ambitious attempt to portray the scenery of this region. The view is from an elevation, and the expanse of country spread out before the spectator is over one hundred and twenty-five miles in extent, this immense distance coming within the sweep of the vision because of the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere in that section. The scene is a tumultuous and even appalling chaos of cliffs and chasms, a wildly-broken plain of cyclopean rocks without a tree or shrub to vary its savage grandeur. Midway in the picture, through a deep rift in the rocks, one traces far below the narrow thread of the Colorado; while in the near foreground are frightful chasms reaching to unknown depths. These dark abysses seem fairly infernal; it is as if hell itself were gaping; and this fancy is strengthened by the clouds of mist that hover about the open mouths of the appalling caverns. The rocks are of a brilliant-red sandstone and white chalk, affording the painter glorious studies in color; while the winds and the frosts have shaped the rocks into semblances of sculptured columns and architectural ruins. Altogether, it is the wildest and, we may say, fairly diabolical scene man ever looked upon. The artist has added to the pictorial effect of the scene by a thunder-cloud in the middle distance, through rifts of which gleams the bow of promise. The canvas is of heroic size; the execution faithful to photographic accuracy, without losing in detail the largeness and grandeur of the subject. The only disappointing feature is in the attitude of the cañon-walls between which the river glides. It is impossible to realize these cliffs to be of the height they are

represented to be. The imagination is more affected as the eye traces the course of the cañon where the depth of the chasm is hidden from view. This picture is for the present on exhibition at Goupil's.

We referred last week to an engraving, now in this city, of Tadema's "Vintage Festival." The artist, who has devoted himself mainly to the painting of ancient scenes, has several pictures in the Water-color Exhibition just opened in London. One is entitled "Autumn," representing three Romans on a curved stone bench, and two lovers walking by under beech-trees, of which a small section of the trunks alone is seen, but whereof the brown leaves strew the ground. "It would be easy," says the *Spectator*, "to praise the wonderful imitation of the stone, the delicate drawing of the drapery, the natural grouping of the figures, and the individuality of each, but it is not so easy to tell how these qualities combine to leave so vivid an impression on the mind, and yet impart that feeling of repose which makes this peculiarity a picture to linger over and enjoy. 'A Roman Artist,' absorbed in his work, with his canvas (or skin) on his knee, comes next in interest, and contains some wonderful painting, which alone would make Mr. Tadema an invaluable acquisition to the Byron school at this gallery. 'Good Friends' shows a child in a Roman costume reclining on a richly-ornamented bench in a chamber, nursing a doll, while a vigilant pet dog sits near its head, and the little form of a black cat steals eagerly past the white marble jamb of a door-way, approaching the couch to obtain a caress. The design is intensely vivacious."

Mr. W. W. Story's statue of "Semiramis," now on exhibition in London, is described in the *Academy*, by Mr. G. A. Simcox, as follows: "Semiramis is leaning with her left arm far back on the cushion of a low chair, her right hand, with the signet-ring on it, hangs in her lap; the right leg is thrown over the left; the body is thrown far back on the left arm, but the head is upright; the hair is bushy and curly, bare, and bound together a few inches from the head. She wears a loose dress of fine linen unfastened at the throat, with a sash round the waist; her bracelets and crown and sandal-clasps are jeweled, and the polish of the marble at these isolated points makes a happy approach to illusion. The face is powerful, worn, and troubled, with what might pass for the traces of guilt, and yet with a dominant sense of sullen, vigilant, imperial repose and voluptuous satisfaction. What masks the voluptuousness more than any thing else are the eyelids, which are beginning to close over the full, inscrutable eyes; the note of cruel, scornful majesty is on the sharp edge of the curling upper lip. The pose and the drapery are superb, and the softness with which it clings about the breast is delightful."

Of two new water-color paintings by Sir John Gilbert, both Shakespearean subjects, the *London Illustrated News* speaks as follows: "One of Sir John Gilbert's finest works of later years, to our mind, is the large illustration of 'Othello'—the scene in the first act where *Desdemona* pleads her love of the Moor and her duty as a wife, in extenuation of her disobedience as a daughter. The facility and felicity of the arrangement, and the exuberant picturesqueness of the execution and coloring, are all that might be expected; while the characters' actions and gestures are, as always, descriptive and suggestive; but the artist does not, this time, stop here—the several faces have a degree of expressiveness which renders the work more sympathetically penetrative and less superficial as a dramatic conception than usual. Sir John's grasp of character and expression is also displayed in the drawing entitled 'Conspiracy,' illustrative of the first scene of the fourth act of 'King Richard II.'"

A photograph has been taken at Munich, by Herr Hanfstaengl, of Kaubach's studio as it was left by the painter when he laid down his palette and brushes for the last time near the easel on which is spread the picture of the German knight Michel as the Archangel St. Michael.



## Music and the Drama.

Sims Reeves, the English Tenor.

**A**MONG male singers there is none who occupies a more enviable position than the gentleman whose name heads this article. It is not merely that he has an exquisite and exceptional voice, but that there is a study and finish in his art which transcends that of any of his contemporaries. He seems to have become the absolute standard by which all other English tenors are measured as if with a common consent. As his career and peculiar relations to the musical art in England are but little known in this country, we propose to briefly sketch them.

Mr. Reeves made his first appearance at the Newcastle Theatre in 1838, at the age of seventeen, in what are known as "singing walking-gentleman's" parts, including such as *Ambiens*, in "As You Like It," or *Careless*, in the "School for Scandal." His voice was then classed as a baritone. He shortly afterward went to Paris and Milan to study, and made his *début* in Italian opera with considerable success. On returning to England he found the field occupied with such great favorites as Mario, Tamberlik, Calzolari, and others; and, after giving a short trial to his fortunes in this line, he determined to give his attention rather in the direction of English opera. He created the principal parts in McFarren's "Robin Hood," and Wallace's "Amber Witch." He was afterward the first to sing the rôle of *Faust* in English. But his great fame has been gained as an oratorio and ballad singer. Here he has achieved a reputation absolutely peerless, and raised his execution of this class of music to a full level with that of opera by the greatest foreign artists.

At the time that Sims Reeves commenced to give his attention to oratorio singing, sacred music had just commenced to make vast advances. Costa had just put fresh life into the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the provincial festivals were commencing to be organized on the vast scale which they have since grown to. But tenor-singers fit to render the music of Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, were scarce. Braham and Templeton were gone, and even Mario and Tamberlik had failed to meet public expectation in oratorios. This was Sims Reeves's golden chance, and he seized it. Since that time he has reigned supremely. No music furnishes so perfect a test of the perfection of mere singing as that of the oratorio. There are no *arias* which so try the voice, and bring to light any imperfections, no matter how carefully they be covered up. The composers have exhausted their skill and ingenuity in burdening these solo passages with the most complicated difficulties. There is nothing dramatic in the surroundings to relieve the attention and watchfulness of the audience. The whole effect is dependent on the intelligence and vocalization of the artist. Sims Reeves has taken a rank so exalted that he has, so to speak, created a new school, and there seems to be no successor on whom his mantle is likely to fall.

Aside from the extreme beauty and sweetness of this singer's voice, and the perfect finish of his vocalization, he seems to be paramount by the intelligence with which he interprets the meaning of the music, the insight which enables him to dramatize the effects by delivery alone. This musical elocution is something we rarely meet either in opera or oratorio, and of itself it is of such importance as to offset signal defects of other kinds. The translation of passion, power, tenderness, by inflection and emphasis, into the musical delivery

of words is the last and crowning achievement. It is here that Mr. Sims Reeves is reputed to be so prominent over all his contemporaries, whether on the operatic stage, the oratorio, or concert-room. In this, as well as in the phrasing of the music itself, the great English tenor produces such touching and admirable effects that the critics have become impatient and disdainful of all his competitors in the same line of effort. From the fiery vigor of such *arias* as "Sound an Alarm," "Thou shalt dash them," or "Philistines, Hark!" down to the quaint and tender simplicity of "My Pretty Jane," and similar ballads, he is said to have a mastery over all the different styles. His early dramatic training has probably helped him to impart intense expression to his voice, and, though like all other great tenors, he sometimes introduces changes in Handel's music, which are unwarrantable liberties, for the purpose of showing off his voice, his hearers always forgive him before he has finished.

Sims Reeves has become notorious for the number of times when he has disappointed the public by failing to appear, and harsh constructions have often been put on his motives. But the truth seems to be that his throat is exceptionally delicate, and he will not sing except when he is in perfect voice. To this precaution and obstinacy he probably owes it that he has retained his voice in perfection so long. He knows that his organ is too precious to be tampered with, and the public have now learned to feel that, though their disappointments are trying, their favorite tenor, by his care of himself, has a long outlook for their interests as well as his own.

How decided the rank of Mr. Sims Reeves is, shows itself in the utter dissatisfaction of audiences with any substitute. He unquestionably ranks favorably with any of the great modern singers; and, though some of them may surpass him in volume of voice, he more than compensates by the legitimacy of his style, his superb phrasing, and his intensity of expression. In the variety of his talents as a singer he certainly need not fear rivalry, according to the unanimous verdict of foreign critics.

The production of Handel's greatest work, the "Messiah" perhaps alone excepted, at Steinway Hall on the evening of May 12th was of such a character as to reflect an added reputation on Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the talented and industrious conductor of the Oratorio Society. We have had occasion to animadvert on the barrenness of the New-York musical season in the direction of oratorios, and it is pleasant to have to record at least one performance honorable to the musical taste of the city. The most important lack was in the ability of the soloists, especially the ladies, but in other respects the work was admirably done. Indeed, it is not easy to provide artists for the oratorio of "Samson." Most of the work is given to the soloists, and probably no composition of the master of sacred music is so abounding in difficult and celebrated *arias*, familiar to every amateur in the land. The efforts of Misses Simon, Mendez, and Henne, could not but be a serious disappointment, and in several instances their execution of the music was not merely not notably good, but positively bad. Mr. Simpson as *Samson*, and Mr. Remmert as the dual music of *Manoah* and *Harapha*, on the other hand, were decidedly excellent. The fault of nasal head-tones, which mars all that Mr. Simpson does, did not fail to manifest itself, but, on the whole, his delivery of his music was marked with such intelligence and spirit as to be a most sincere grati-

fication to his numerous friends. Mr. Remmert sang the music of *Harapha* especially well, and the superb passage, "Honor and Arms," was given with sufficient fire and beauty to gain one of the most enthusiastic outbursts of the evening from the listeners.

The choruses, of course, were the element of most interest in the performance. It was made up of about one hundred voices, and that Dr. Damrosch is an admirable drill-master became patent from the first opening of their mouths. All the choruses were of marked excellence, and New York is to be congratulated on having so splendid a nucleus in this young organization. The singers showed that they had overcome the first and most common fault of a chorus—they were not afraid to sing. Their voices pealed out with a splendid ardor and energy, and were directed by the conductor like a single instrument. This control was no less palpable in the handling of the orchestra, and we have rarely heard an oratorio where there was so little to find fault with in the choral and orchestral work. Dr. Damrosch has shown himself finely fitted for his work, and has made a noble beginning. Of course we must not look for great results till next season, but the expectation is bright with promise.

Among the English composers who have gained an excellent reputation within the last ten years is Alberto Randegger. Though principally known by fugitive songs and instrumental pieces, he has given to the world several charming compositions of more pretension. His last, entitled "Fridolin; or, The Message to the Forge," based on Schiller's beautiful ballad, seems especially to have captivated the English taste. Hardly pretending to be more than a dramatic *cantata*, it is said to be characterized by most of the elaborate excellences of an opera. The libretto, done by Erminia Rudersdorf, is full of pointed vigor, and, if we may judge from the English papers, the composer, in setting it, has displayed remarkable powers of orchestration, and a keen sense of the beautiful, both in harmony and melody.

The leading features are a sombre and impressive prologue, a splendidly-scored hunting-chorus, a very dramatic and powerful "forge-scene," a strongly-written scene between the *Count* and *Hubert*, a delicious chorus of hand-maidens, and an effective chapel-scene. The music of the work throughout is said to be well sustained, and to be free from inequality in style. The principals who sang it at its first representation, in Liverpool, were Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. Santley, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. All the performers, as well as the composer, were called out.

Mr. Albery's new comedy of "Pride" has met with qualified success in London. "Many fine comedies," says the *Academy*, "have been written on the motive of pride conquered by misfortune. But the arrogance of a retired trader, ashamed of his former business, and aping the manners of persons of good birth, is not a substantial ground for a dramatist to build on. Mr. Cadman Cadbatton, of Mr. Albery's comedy, is neither human nor sympathetic. His life is troubled by the fear of two discoveries: the first, that he had made money by carpet-weaving; the second, that he had formerly left his wife and children to starve. But, as when both these facts are found out, he seems in no way affected, it may be surmised that the play is constructed on a very inadequate motive. The dialogue is flippant, and seldom brilliant. The author's desire to sparkle is never concealed. All the characters, whatever their station, are provided with grottesque retorts and poetic similes, and soon grow very wearisome."

A writer in the last *Corsair* gives the following interesting reminiscence of the French theatre soon after the fall of Robespierre, and the termination of the Reign of Terror: "In 1795 a comedy called 'Madame Angot' was produced at Madame Montansier's theatre (Palais Royal), and had a run of four hundred nights, like its modern successor, 'La Fille de Madame Angot.' In it the follies of the Terror were keenly ridiculed, and the press joyfully hailed this resurrection of Thalia. Also the *muscadins*, or dandies of the time, attended the theatre in crowds and got up affrays like those which signalized the first performances of M. Sardon's 'Rabagas,' after the Commune. At every disparaging allusion to the republic, some 'friends and brothers' in the galleries would hiss, and then the *muscadins* would treat themselves to the pleasure of going up there these enthusiasts and thrashing them with long canes."

Sir Julius Benedict's new symphony in G-minor was performed recently by the New Philharmonic Society, for the first time, in London. One of the journals says of it: "The *andante* is certainly a most exquisite movement, and the bright and quaint *scherzo*, with its curious enharmonic change in the trio, was vigorously redemanded. Sir Julius Benedict was summoned on to the platform at the close of the symphony."

A German naturalist thus translates the song of the nightingale: "Zoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo—Zilrbad-fing—Heezoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo cowa he dze hot—Hi gal gal gal gal gal gal gal gal gal gal—Coricor dzo dzo dzo pl." We trust our musical friends will be enabled to practise this lay with a success that will permit them to compete with the sweet songstress of the night.

We learn from the *Art Musical* that the directors of the Casino, Paris, are getting up another orchestra, consisting entirely of female artists. The directors have, moreover, published a pamphlet giving every particular about the formation of the orchestra, and the nationality of each fair performer, together with anecdotes and portraits of the soloists.

Signor Petrella's opera, "Bianca Orsini," has been produced at the San Carlo, Naples. It was not a failure, since the composer was called on more than twenty times, but, at the same time, it was not a triumph. The general opinion is, that it wants inspiration, and is weaker than any thing Signor Petrella has yet written.

A new oratorio, "Jesus Christ," by Frederick Kiel, has been produced at Berlin. The work, which is divided into three parts and six principal scenes, depicting the chief events of the last days in Jerusalem, is spoken of as being a production of extreme beauty.

Herr Theodor Wachtel, having disposed of his villa at Wiesbaden, has settled down at Hamburg. He is to sing shortly at Altenburg and Nuremberg. He will then not appear again previously to commencing a protracted engagement at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre, Berlin.

Among new operas about to be produced abroad, is a Russian work by Tsalikoffsky, entitled "Oprietschniski," and one by Plotow, called "Tora."

## National and Statistical.

### Commercial Mutation.

WITH the foundation and progress of civilization, there have been marked changes in those commercial and industrial agents which have revolutionized its social, moral, and political condition; and circumstances have also made and unmade empires, and changed the destinies of peoples. We read in history of the splendid maritime, commercial, and manufacturing dependencies of the "City on a Hundred Isles," and of her rivals in opulence, art, and naval supremacy—Genoa, Pisa, and Florence; and we have also read of their decay and degeneration. Four centuries after, we now read of the revival

of these places, and an attempt to regain their former grandeur and prosperity. Commercial history repeats itself. On the Eastern Continent this is especially true. For instance, the Isthmus of Suez, at a very early period in history, was traversed by a canal said to have been commenced by Pharaoh Necho, and finished by the Persian King Darius. Having been permitted to fall into disuse and dilapidation, it was subsequently restored by Ptolemy Philadelphus to a condition of effectiveness, in which it continued at least till the age of Augustus, when it gave passage to large Roman fleets engaged in the India trade. Under the rule of Mohammedanism the canal was again allowed to perish, "being almost obliterated by the destructive agencies of Nature;" but it remained for the first Napoleon, in his Egyptian campaign, to reclaim and develop its commercial importance. Its reopening removed the only remaining obstacle to a continuous line of ocean navigation, saving from seven to ten thousand miles in transportation between Europe and Southern Asia.

Our own country has no romantic story of arts and commerce swallowed up in the gulf of carnage, pagantry, or phantasm; of general corruption and neglect of industry; of "emerging from barbarism" for the second or third time; but it has a history of commercial mutation, characterized, however, by peace, progress, and prosperity, which has contributed to erect the fair fabric of our national greatness, although, in not a few instances, at the expense of localities and material interests. We should have no "blarney-stone" Plymouth Rock, if the Pilgrim Fathers had decided to remain at Provincetown, where they first landed. The discovery of gold in California has added Pacific States to the Union, with a civilization of advanced order, and laid a line of railway and telegraph across the continent, even through the "Great American Desert," which the early geographers described as a broad *terra incognita*. The South Carolina Railroad was commenced in 1830, and in 1833 completed to Hamburg, one hundred and thirty-six miles. It was then the longest railway in the world, and was the first upon which appeared a locomotive engine of American construction. It was also the first railway upon which the mails were transported. The South Carolina Railroad is now unheard of, but the transcendent interest involved in its completion has within ten years reappeared in a new form. Charleston aspires to become a leading seaport for the reception of freight from the great West. Fifty years ago, anxious to first cross the Alleghany Mountains, and jealous of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, the city of Baltimore, although nearer to the West than either of them, abandoned the idea of building a railway across the big hills; but four years later broke ground in that direction, another line having in the mean time been built. Again, the special advantage which the New York Central gave to Boston, in connection with the Boston & Albany road, for transporting thither Western produce for shipment, induced New-York capitalists to build rival routes, both rail and canal. And so by the construction of these lines, and the piercing of the Alleghanies, the East and the West avoided becoming independent communities. Chicago, instead of New Orleans, has become the empire city between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains; and New York, instead of Norfolk, has become the empire city of the Atlantic sea-coast.

Mutation in American commerce, marine or continental, has been produced chiefly by the

railway system of the country. The Duke of Bridgewater, representing the landed aristocracy of England, saw "mischievous" in the inauguration of railroad enterprise. When the Boston and Albany Railroad was proposed, its originator was looked upon as a lunatic. Now we have over 72,000 miles of railway connecting with 691,000 square miles of tide-water region, and capable, under certain conditions, of planting one hundred States, and consummating America's civic greatness. American manufactures were favored in Virginia; but to-day little Rhode Island has three times as many dollars invested in manufactures as her great mother. Providence, in Rhode Island, in 1769, engaged in the East India trade, for which a ship of nine hundred and fifty tons was constructed; but no vessels now sail from there for Calcutta or Singapore. The East India trade, once the glory and pride of Boston, has almost deserted that port for New York; and the trade itself, formerly monopolized by American ships, is now carried on mainly in British bottoms. Thomas Jefferson, in 1793, wrote a treatise on the plough, showing how that agricultural implement should be constructed on scientific principles. The saving to the country, from the improvements in the plough, during the last fifty years, amounts to millions of dollars in more ways than one, and the aggregate of the crops has been increased by them many millions of bushels. The improved plough has also assisted in developing geographical progress and industrial power. The physical aspect of entire sections of the country has been changed by it, coupled with the use of other improved and labor-saving agricultural implements. New-York City, once famous as a ship-building port, launching monster steamships for the Atlantic and Pacific trade, now has its splendid specimens of marine architecture constructed at comparatively remote places on the Delaware River, at the base of the iron and coal supplies of Pennsylvania; while the commerce of the Baritan River, emptying into the bay of that name, just south of Staten Island, exceeds in value, annually, that delivered by the Erie Canal into the Hudson River, and equals that of the foreign trade of New York passing out of Sandy Hook. Such have been some of the changes in the course of our domestic trade, influenced by artificial advantages.

A few weeks ago we read the exciting story of the triumph of human energy over the storming, on the Central Pacific Railroad. Nine puffing, hissing monsters, behind an immense snow-plough, plunged into the ten-foot drifts with the speed of the dolphin into the foaming billows, and shook the great masses of snow from the iron beak of the plough into the mighty cañons thousands of feet below. On through tunnels and gaps, over bridges and culverts, along the dizzy precipices of the Sierras, and around curves which made the huge machines tremble and groan, the great, black engines, their tops even with the high banks of snow, shook the earth and echoed for miles in the mighty gorges through which they sped, cutting an eleven-foot passage in the drift with the precision of a surgeon's knife—and all this, the steady, pulse-like stroke, the throbbing, beating, trip-hammer-like tread of the engines, was only symbolical of the commercial progress which our country has made across the continent, involving in that progress mutation only equalled by the changing scenes of the kaleidoscope; but adding, instead of subtracting, wealth and prosperity to the people.

A correspondent at Kansas City asks some questions in reference to the French war-debt and our own, replies to which are as follows:



The French debt, at the close of the Franco-German War, was 13,673,718,073 francs. The amount of the indemnity paid to the German Government was 5,000,000,000 francs.

The debt of the United States, at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1865, was \$2,682,593,026. But, as there were many unsettled claims, the debt at the end of the ensuing year was \$2,783,425,879. The debt at the close of the last fiscal year—June 30, 1873—was \$2,234,482,993.

## Science and Invention.

MR. WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE gave recently before the Royal Institution a lecture on complementary colors and neutral tints, a summary of which is as follows: After alluding to the researches of Wheatstone, Tyndall, Clerk Maxwell, Lord Rayleigh, and others in regard to complementary colors and neutral tints, Mr. Spottiswoode exhibited and commented on some of the results obtained by himself by employing polarized light, which mainly agree with those given by Helmholtz, the eminent worker on this subject. If a beam of polarized light, which has passed through a plate of crystal, be analyzed by a double-image prism, two images appear tinted with complementary colors, which form white when made to overlap. If the plate be of quartz, cut perpendicularly to the axis, the images will change color by a continuous sequence of tints when either polarizer or analyzer is turned continuously round. The colors so seen are, however, not simple colors of the spectrum, but mixed or residual tints—that is, the mixture of all those which remain when one or more have been extinguished. This is a direct deduction from the wave-theory of light, and has been experimentally demonstrated by Mr. Spottiswoode. If a quartz plate of suitable thickness be used, the spectrum of either of the images formed by the analyzer will be crossed by a single dark band, which will move along the spectrum in one direction or the other, according to the direction in which either polarizer or analyzer is turned. "It is this principle," said Mr. Spottiswoode, "which enables us to use polarized light for investigating complementary colors; for, if we form the spectra of the two complementary images, we shall find in general that the dark band occupies one position in the ordinary and another in the extraordinary image. But, since the two images are complementary to one another, and the part extinguished in each is complementary to the part which remains, it follows that the part extinguished in one is the complementary of the part extinguished in the other; that is to say, the bands in the two spectra will always mark out two complementary portions of the spectrum. The bands thus produced are not sharply defined, like the Fraunhofer-lines in the solar spectrum, but are bands with a core of minimum or zero illumination, gradually shading off at each side; so rapidly, however, that at a short distance from the core the adjoining colors appear in their full natural intensity. This being so, the color suppressed in any band will be the tint compounded of portions of all the colors comprised within the visible limits of the band. The whole of the color corresponding to the core will be suppressed; but of those colors on each side only portions smaller and smaller as they recede from the core. When one band arrives at the green, moving in the direction of the red, the other or complementary band is just disappearing in the red. But, at the same time,

another band is beginning to appear in the violet. We cannot, therefore, say that the green has for its complementary the red rather than the violet; the complementary in question is, in fact, a mixture of the two—a mixture which, when taken alone, is a reddish purple." In his experiments, by the extinction of different parts of the spectrum, Mr. Spottiswoode was enabled to deduce the composition of the complementary colors; and, with an arrangement of the images and colors of polarized light, given by two double-image prisms, he produced fifteen tints, or combinations of color; and, with an arrangement of the images and colors given by three double-image prisms, he produced two hundred and fifty-five tints.

At a regular meeting of the chemical section of the Lyceum of Natural History, convened on the evening of May 11th instant, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

*Whereas*, The discovery of oxygen by Joseph Priestley on the 1st of August, 1774, was a momentous and significant event in the history of chemistry, being the immediate forerunner of Lavoisier's generalizations, on which are based the principles of modern chemical science; and—

*Whereas*, A public recognition of the one hundredth anniversary of this brilliant discovery is both proper and eminently desirable; and—

*Whereas*, A social reunion of American chemists for mutual exchange of ideas and observations on the discoveries of the past hundred years would promote good-fellowship in the brotherhood of chemistry;

*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to make suitable proposals for the centennial celebration.

Sympathizing, as we heartily do, with the main purpose designed to be accomplished by this centennial reunion and celebration, we are yet inclined to urge such delay as shall secure for it a more general recognition by identifying it with the coming national centennial celebration. Why not postpone this reunion of chemistry till the year 1876, and then give to it a practical character by presenting to the people an endowment gift, to be known as the Centennial Scholarship, which shall be held in trust forever, the interest of which shall go toward supporting one or more American students who shall be willing and desirous of devoting their time and labor in some department of chemical investigation? The propriety of this method of a centennial celebration has already been urged in the *JOURNAL*, and the recent action of the Philadelphia commission in insisting upon an international show is reason enough for inducing those who are in no sympathy with such an idea, to undertake a celebration that shall prove more in sympathy with the views of the American public, who alone are likely to be proud of "the day we celebrate."

In one of his recent letters on "Egypt Revisited," published in the *Tribune*, Bayard Taylor gives an interesting account of two pigmy who are said to belong to a race known as Naam, inhabiting the country of Naam, or Takkatikat. This region lies from three hundred to five hundred miles west of the central part of Albert Nyanza, and the pigmy race make their home in the equatorial table-land, covered with low, dense thickets, in which they hide, and from which they make raids upon their more powerful though not more brave and daring neighbors. The two living specimens of this remarkable race are the property of the Khédive of Egypt, having been forwarded to him by the Governor of Khartoum. Although the description given

of these odd creatures would suggest the probability of their being simply dwarfs, yet Mr. Taylor inclines to accept the evidence in favor of the view that they are the honest representatives of a race of pigmy men and women, and as such may be regarded as genuine ethnological wonders. Of the three who were sent from Khartoum, one, a woman, died on the way to Cairo; the survivors, Tubbul and Karal, whose respective ages were twenty and ten years, were introduced to the American visitor, and are thus described: "Tubbul was forty-six inches in height, the legs being twenty-two inches, and the body, with the head, twenty-four, which is a somewhat better proportion than is usual in savage tribes. Head and arms were quite symmetrical, but the spine curved in remarkably from the shoulders to the hip-joint, throwing out the abdomen, which was already much distended, probably from their diet of beans and bananas. Yet the head was erect, the shoulders on the line of gravity, and there was no stoop in the posture of the body, as in the South African bushmen. Tubbul measured twenty-six inches around the breast, and twenty-eight around the abdomen; his hands and feet were coarsely formed, but not large, only the knee-joints being disproportionately thick and clumsy. The facial angle was fully up to the average; there was a good development of brain, fine, intelligent eyes, and a nose so flattened that, in looking down the forehead from above, one saw only the lips projecting beyond it. The nostrils were astonishingly wide and square; the complexion was that of a dark mulatto. The boy Karal was forty-three inches high, with the same general proportions. Both had woolly hair, cut short in front, but covering the crown with a circular cap of crisp little rolls."

The natives of Java are said to possess a fatal poison, which acts in a purely mechanical way, and yet, when administered to any animal, is said to produce certain death. It consists of the small, black filaments obtained from the stalk of the bamboo. These filaments, or minute, needle-shaped spines, are covered with an imperceptible furze, which acts as a propelling medium, so that when the needles are swallowed they catch in the victim's throat, from which they work their way into the respiratory organs, and there produce irritation, followed by a violent inflammation, and eventually death. The needles are so fine that they may be mixed with any form of solid food, and thus be administered to the unconscious victim.

## Contemporary Sayings.

"THERE was something," says the *Spectator*, writing of Livingstone, "in the giant Scotchman tramping on for years through the heart of Africa, now hopeful, now bitter, but always manly and masterful, so masterful that he inspired a reverence among his followers never accorded yet by Africans, and that was the spirit of adventure, the desire to see and to know strange things, the hunger for a life as wild and lonely as daring and knowledge and restless curiosity could make it. People will accuse us of irreverence in making the comparison, but the nearest character to Livingstone's has always seemed to us to be Fenimore Cooper's hero throughout his Indian novels, the only productions of his over-fertile pen which will live at all. Natty Bumppo, the scout and hunter, with a grand object would have been David Livingstone, as he appears in all his books, and in the impression he made upon all men." A capital comparison; but the *Spectator* must concede immortality to Cooper's Long Tom Coffin as well as to Natty Bumppo.



We are told that "the young girls of Rome, after they have been promised in marriage, are seen by their lovers for the first time in public, in the rotunda of the Pantheon, because the light enters there by a single opening in the roof, and the light from above is most favorable to beauty." It is singular that this advantage of lighting rooms from above, not only as regards the increased beauty of the features, but on account of the greater charm in which every object appears, has not been understood by our fashionable women. A boudoir lighted in this fashion would render its mistress irresistible. With this source of light "the eyebrows become more prominent, the eyes more brilliant under the dark cavity hollowed by the arch of the brows, the cheek-bones slightly raised, the nose simplified and lengthened, marked by a luminous line that supports the shadow thrown where the black of the nostrils is softened and lost."

Writing of spring, the *Traveller* thinks "it is high time we had made up our minds to this perennial misery as inevitable. English poets, who seem to have hibernated with the bears during winter, and have come forth lean and vigorous to the dawning spring, or have slept with the daffodils until May breezes woke them together to fresh life, are never tired of singing the renewal of spring to themselves, its strength, its gaiety, the vital fire in rising sap or quickened blood: 'the roses bud, the birds pair, the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love;' and we go on echoing the hackneyed talk year after year, despite the aching heads and bilious skins and sick stomachs which spring breezes invariably bring to us."

The *Saturday Review* thinks that, as ladies' toilets fill so important a place in every public gathering, a notice of the Academy exhibition "devoted to the ladies' dresses would only do justice to the most brilliant and conspicuous part of the show. The speckled crudeness of color in most English art is perhaps due to the terrific competition to which it is subjected on these occasions. Milliners and drapers would perhaps be scandalized by a suggestion that ladies should be toned down to suit the pictures, but an Academy costume in neutral tints, with spare skirts and an unobtrusive bonnet to match, might possibly pay as a fashionable novelty."

Mr. Richard Grant White having asserted that all the works of our authors might be burned, with no loss to literature, excepting those of Franklin, Hawthorne, and Emerson, the *Boston Traveller* gives a formidable list of those who would be thus consigned to oblivion, among them (the list is too long to repeat in full) being Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, Brockden Brown, Cooper, Kent, Everett, Story, Paulding, Drake, Irving, Kennedy, Webster, the Adames, Leggett, Channing, Prescott, Longfellow, Ticknor, Bancroft, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Poe, Whipple, Mrs. Stowe, and so on through a vast number more.

Mr. Carlton, the publisher, who has been traveling in Mexico, writes of the "city of Mexico" as follows: "It seemed like a little Paris, after the other towns and cities we had visited in this country; and, when we were driven to the Hôtel Iturbide (once the emperor's palace), where our apartments were larger and better than those of almost any hotel in America, with electric bells to the office, and a French and Italian opera-troupe on the same floor with us, and a man-chambermaid, who looked like a Mexican muletier, we thought we had indeed arrived at the halls of Montezuma!"

A good thing from *Punch* on cremation is "The Remembrance of the Undertakers to Sir Henry Thompson," which runs as follows:

"Who are you, to be thinking  
The poor sinner's bread!  
How can we earn our living,  
If you urn our dead!"

Which is very good. But what are you to think of the printer who, in one of our city journals, hopelessly extinguished the joke by printing the last line as follows:

"If you burn our dead!"

The *Saturday Review*, writing of bonnets, says there is one drawback to a variety known as the crownless bonnet. "It has long been remarked in Paris," it says, "that since it came into use almost every other woman wears cotton in her ears. The same peculiarity may be observed in the stuffed

animals in the British Museum. False hair and cotton in the ears would certainly create an uncomfortable suspicion of straw inside."

"Paris remains," says the *Tribune*, "and is likely to remain, very much the same that it has been for a thousand years or so, a city that foreigners may capture once in a while, but which will capture them forever. The English have taken it; the Germans, the Russians, singly or all together, and factious armies of Frenchmen, over and over again. But it has never changed its essential character of being the city where all the world feels at home."

The *Christian Register*, speaking of the recent "lengthened" steamers wrecked on the Atlantic, says that many a sermon has come to naught by the same fault. Why limit the application to sermons? Has not many an over-lengthened book, an over-drawn-out poem, a tediously-prolonged history, an excessively-wordy play, been wrecked by the same means? "Lengthening" is clearly as bad in art as it is in mechanical construction.

Some one has nominated John A. Dix for President in 1876, and Newton Booth, of California, for Vice-President. The *Rochester Democrat* thinks this a Boothful ticket. We may now look for nominations in abundance, for the politicians have little else to do than to try their hands at candidate-making.

The irrepressible *World* fun-maker tells us that "Mr. Morton's inflation credit system must be a sort of national tick *douloureux*." He also indulges in another cremation joke. "Our unprotected bachelor hopes his landlady won't join the cremation society, as he would be sorry to have her ashes handed down to future generations."

The *Traveller* wants to know why ten years must elapse before the tin-wedding is celebrated. "Why wait ten years for tin?" it asks. Inasmuch as so many weddings are prompted by a desire for "the tin" at once, it does seem somewhat absurd.

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MAY 7.—Advices from Spain: Detached bands of Carlists continue to harass the neighborhood of Bilbao. The government has again applied to Germany for recognition of the republic.

Advices from Little Rock, Ark.: The Supreme Court has decided, in the suit before it, that the decision of the Circuit Court of Pulaski County, affirming Brooks as governor, was legal and valid.

Death of John Hecker, citizen of New York, well known as extensive flour-merchant, as politician, and for his zeal in education and High-Church Episcopalianism; aged sixty-two.

MAY 8.—Advices from Spain: A body of Carlists, under Don Alfonso, defeated, with heavy loss, by republican troops. Bilbao has been re-occupied, and General Concha's command remain in the city.

Advices from Little Rock, Ark.: A party of Baxter men, on board the steamer *Hattie*, intending to intercept and capture a hundred and sixty stand of arms belonging to the Industrial University, which were shipped on Wednesday, were fired at by the Brooksites, who had discovered the expedition; six men killed, and five badly wounded. Partisans of Brooks stopping trains in order to prevent members of the Legislature from meeting.

Death, at Ottawa, Canada, of Senator Churchill, of Nova Scotia; aged seventy-six.

Marriage of the Duke of Württemberg to the Russian Grand-duchess Wjera Constantinovna.

MAY 9.—Advices from Spain: Don Carlos and General Elío reported to be at Durango, thirteen miles southeast of Bilbao. General Concha's troops throwing up fortifications.

Advices from Arkansas: A skirmish in the streets of Little Rock, between the Brooks and Baxter factions; two men killed and several wounded. Representatives of the two factions at Washington, and terms of compromise proposed.

Destructive fires raging in the woods on the lines of several railroads in Minnesota.

Death, in Virginia, of Paulus Powell; from 1849 to 1859 member of Congress.

MAY 10.—Advices from Spain: A proclamation, issued by Don Carlos, announcing that he will offer strenuous resistance to the republican forces in the Biscay provinces.

Advices from Mexico: Vallejo, the last of the Tepic insurgent chiefs, has been killed. The laborers at Pachuca attempted to burn the buildings of the new Baron mine, because of the introduc-

tion of machinery, which they believed would deprive them of the means of making their living in the future.

Advices from Arkansas: Baxter refuses to accede to the proposition made at Washington, for a settlement of the difficulty, which was, to submit the question to the State Legislature, the President to designate who should fill the office in the interim; he claims that the Legislature, now ready to convene, must decide the question, and that no provisions or compromises are admissible.

MAY 11.—The steamship *Siberia*, from London to Madeira, supposed to be lost, with all on board. Captain-General Concha, of Cuba, has issued a decree, permitting members of the militia, who pay one thousand dollars into the treasury, to remain at home.

The village of Ridgeway, Iowa, destroyed by fire.

Two children killed and several persons wounded by the fall of a building at Buffalo, N. Y.

Deaths: At New York, Courtlandt Palmer, an old and prominent citizen; aged seventy-four. At Stamford, Conn., Captain Benjamin L. Waite, well known as one of the most careful and skillful of navigators; aged sixty-nine.

MAY 12.—Arrest of the Prince Nicholas, nephew of the czar, at St. Petersburg; charge not known, but asserted not to be political.

Large fire at Paris; several persons burned to death.

Small-pox and cholera prevail in South Tirhoot and Singbroom, India.

Advices from Guatemala, via Panama, of the arrest and brutal whipping of English vice-consul by Colonel Gonzales, commandant of San José; motive, personal animosity. Gonzales, on the approach of troops under General Solano, in trying to escape on board the steamer *Arizona*, in port, was shot by one of the passengers, and probably fatally wounded.

Advices from Arkansas: Another encounter between the two factions; several killed and wounded.

The English Government has proposed to unite Lagos and the Gold Coast in one province, under a governor, who will reside forty miles inland from Accra.

MAY 13.—New Spanish ministry formed: Zabala, President of the Council and Minister of War; Sagasta, Minister of the Interior; Ulloa, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Camacho, Minister of Finance; Martinez, Minister of Justice; Colmenares, Minister of Public Works; Orta, Minister of the Colonies; and Arias, Minister of Marine.

Czar of Russia and Grand-duke Alexis arrived in England; entertained by the queen at Windsor Castle.

Arkansas Legislature assembled, with quorum in both Houses.

Reports of a recent battle between the Sioux and Grosventres at Knife River, seventy-five miles from Bismarck, on west bank of the Missouri.

Advices from Cuba: Steamer *Triunfo* lost on Maternillo Reefs; crew saved.

## Notices.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED weekly. Terms, \$4.00 per annum, in advance; single numbers, 10 cents. Postage for regular subscribers, 30 cents per annum, payable quarterly, in advance, at the office where received. Canada subscribers must add 50 cents to their subscriptions for prepayment of U. S. postage. New York City subscribers in all cases have their postage prepaid, the amount (30 cents) being added to their subscriptions. At the request of the P. O. Department, we announce that "subscribers who receive their copies by letter-carriers will please hand the annual or quarterly postage to the carriers, taking their receipts. If any higher rates are demanded, report the facts to the local postmaster." D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.

FINE CAMEO JEWELRY, OF MY own manufacture, at 40 per cent. under usual prices. You save the 40 per cent.

F. J. NASH, 712 Broadway,  
New York.

PRETTY WOMEN always like a neat foot, and buy nothing but ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. Ask your dealer for them. A dark line around the sole, near the edge, shows where the channel is cut. They never wear ragged.